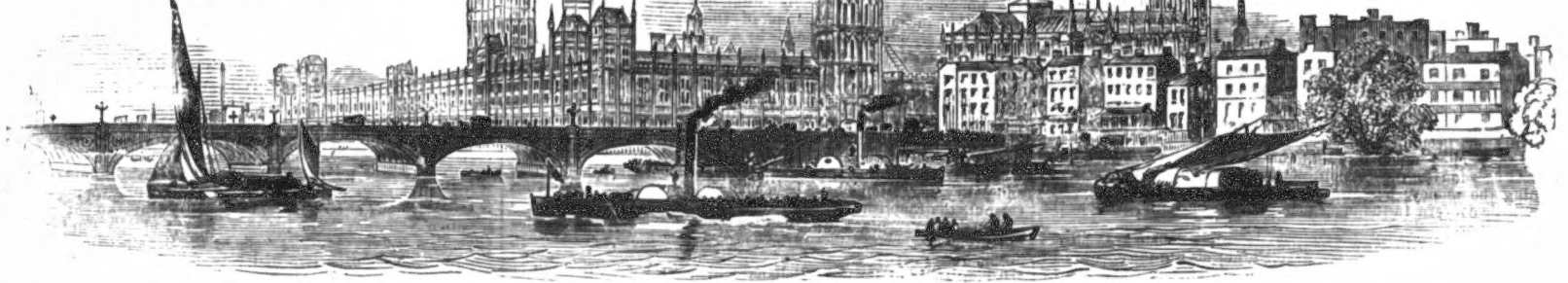


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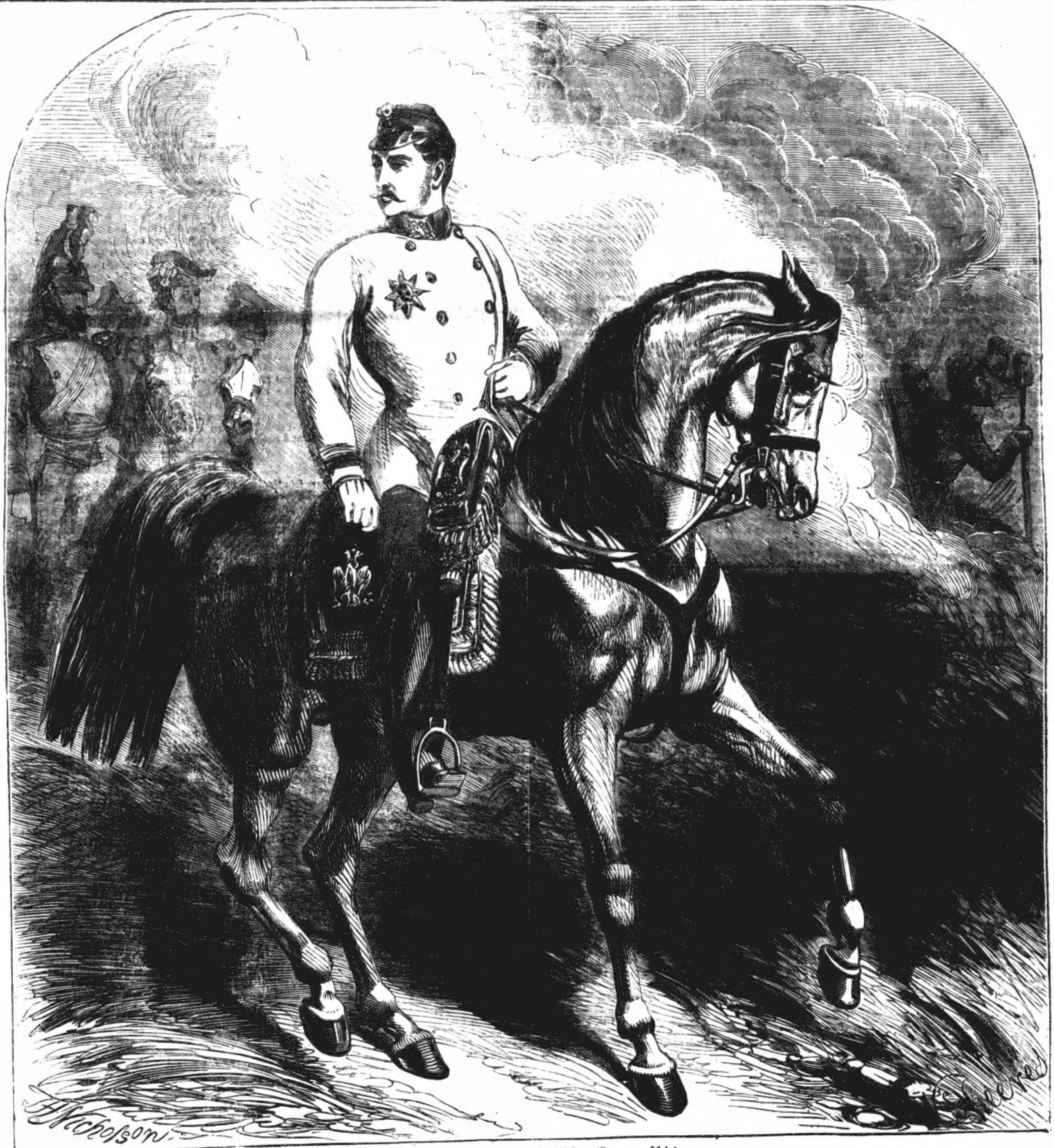
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 33.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. (See page 514.)

Notes of the Week.

At the public office, Birmingham, on Saturday, before Mr. T. C. S. Kynerley (stipendiary), Thomas Lowdon, and Edward Beeton, formerly carrying on business in High-street, Birmingham, were again brought upon remand charged with having obtained certain sums of money under false pretences from the Liverpool and London and the Westminster Fire-offices. The prisoners commenced business as drapers, in Birmingham, in September, 1862, and insured their stock in the above offices. In January, 1863, a fire broke out on their premises, which completely destroyed not only the stock, but also the building. In their claim upon the insurance-offices it was stated that they had received more than the value of the stock, which was accomplished by procuring fictitious invoices. In one case an invoice from Messrs. Morley and Green, of London, for £1 5s. 6d. had been altered to £101 5s. 6d., and in the case of Messrs. Davis an invoice was produced for £411 17s. 8d., though that firm had had no transactions with the prisoners. Mr. Kennedy (of the Midland Circuit) appeared for Lowdon; and Mr. Mottram (Oxford Circuit) for Beeton. The case, which has been three times adjourned, excited much interest, and at its close the bench committed Lowdon to the session on the charge of fraudulently obtaining the money, but discharged Beeton, who, it appears, had very little concern in the management of the business, being at the time a minor.

A WORD FOR THE NEW DICTIONARY.—In a debate in Congress on the 8th inst., a member, Mr. Stevens, objected to the creation of another Lieutenant-general, and said, "We already have one in retracy."

On Sunday night, shortly after eight o'clock, Conductor Stephen Tappell, of the London Fire Brigade, who is stationed at the Churchyard of St. Clement's Dances, received information that a fire had broken out at No. 17, Henlock-court, near Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. He immediately went to the spot with his escape, and was met by Stockman, a fireman in charge of the parish engine, when it was found that a fire was raging in a third-floor front-room, occupied by a widow named Ochoane and her two children. The room was entered by Tappell and Stockman, who, by means of buckets, drenched the bed and bedstead, which were smouldering, and ultimately succeeded in extinguishing the fire. On the room being cleared of smoke, the firemen for the first time became aware that two children were in the room, the dead bodies of both being found in the bed locked in each other's arms. The ages of the deceased are six and four, the eldest being a boy, the other a girl. The mother of the children was not in the house when the accident occurred; but on the room being entered a good fire was found to be burning in the grate.

On Saturday night a dreadful accident, by which the guard of a goods train, named James Brauwel, lost his life, occurred on the North London Railway, within two or three hundred yards of the Fenchurch-street Station. At a quarter past eight o'clock the body of the deceased was discovered, frightfully mutilated, lying on the rails near the Haydon-square junction. The head was completely severed from the body, the right leg was cut off, and both arms were broken. It appeared that the deceased had come up by the eight o'clock train from Hackney, for the purpose of taking charge of a goods train. He then walked from the Fenchurch-street Station up the line to the Haydon-square junction. He then got up upon the engine of the goods train that was waiting for him. He noticed that the "engine lights" were not all right and got off the engine on to the line for the purpose of shifting them. In the dark he seems to have missed the "six foot" space, and to have walked between the rails of the down line. He had with him the usual small guards' lantern, but it is not known whether or not the light was turned on. The 8.15 train from Fenchurch-street to Camden-town came along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and knocked the deceased down. The engine, which weighed twenty-five tons, and all the carriages of the train passed over his body. He was thirty-five years of age, and had formerly been in the Indian army. He leaves a sick wife and three children.

On Monday morning Mr. Cartier resumed, at the Queen Victoria Tavern, Wellington-street, Woolwich, the inquiry into the circumstances of the death of George Harrison, aged thirty-two. The evidence taken on the previous occasion went to prove that the deceased, who had been himself formerly in the army, was on the 2nd inst. in company with several privates of the Royal Artillery in a room in New Gun Tavern, Woolwich, where he won half-a-crown at cards from a private of the 13th Brigade of Artillery named James Maguire. He then rose up to leave the room. Maguire became irritated, and said, "Won't you give me a chance of winning my money back?" Harrison said he would not, and that he wanted to go home. Both men had been drinking ale, but they were not drunk. Maguire said, "If you will neither play nor give me back my money, I will knock it out of you." As he still refused, Maguire struck him violently on the face. The landlord and others then ran into the room and restored order, but the landlord had no sooner left than Maguire and another Artilleryman seized Harrison by the legs and held him up in the air, with his head towards the ground, and shook him until some money fell out of his pockets. Blood flowed from Harrison's nose and cheeks, and he subsequently stated he was kicked in the head. When the money fell from his pockets it was picked up by some person in the room, and he went away complaining of his loss. He died on the 10th inst. from the injury to his head, which the surgeon who attended him said had been caused by a kick or a severe blow on the eye. Maguire was apprehended for causing his death, and the whole brigade—1,500 strong—was paraded before the witnesses, but none were able to identify the soldier who aided Maguire. Military-policeman Peah stated that when he was asked by the landlord to go up-stairs to quell the disturbance upon its first outbreak he saw Maguire and Harrison near one another, as if they had been struggling, but he did not then notice any third person mixed up in the affair. The room was, however, full of soldiers and others; but not being on duty, he could do no more than seize the cards and leave. Maguire had a pass to be out that night. A statement had been made to the effect that the death had been caused by landaunum, but it was on Monday morning shown that Harrison had only taken about ten drops to relieve himself of pain. It was doubtful even if he had taken so much. In answer to the coroner, Police-constable Pickles stated that there was not much prospect of any evidence as to who were Maguire's accomplices. The coroner, at the conclusion of the witness's statements, said that it was clearly proved that the deceased had lost his life through the violence inflicted on him by the soldiers. The case was not one of murder, as there was obviously no intention to kill him. The jury returned a verdict of "manslaughter against Maguire and a man unknown." The coroner then handed his warrant to Inspector Linnell for Maguire's detention in Newgate, to await his trial at the Central Criminal Court.

HORNMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents. [Advertisement]

PAPER AGE.—A further reduction in the price of paper collars, paper scarves, paper shirt fronts, &c. Agents wanted. Samples and terms, three stamps. Arthur Granger, the cheap stationer and toy importer, patentee, 303, High Holborn, W.C. [Advertisement]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The reactionary councillors who swarm at the Tuilleries have been pestering the Emperor with a variety of ingenious devices for perpetuating tyranny under the cover of universal suffrage, and stifling the liberal movement which is now making such rapid strides. One of their schemes is to "neutralise" Paris. By neutralising Paris is meant that Paris should either return no members at all, or that they should be named by the executive. That seems at first a proposition so startling as to be absurd, but there are courtiers ready to draw up a very plausible decree, showing that for reasons analogous to those which are held sufficient for the nomination of the Paris Municipal Council by the Emperor, the turbulent population of the capital should not be allowed to scandalise the public by a violent contrast to the votes of honest (i.e., ignorant) electors in the provinces. The misfortune is that not only Paris, but all the principal towns of France, would have to be disfranchised to satisfy this theory. Another scheme is to prevent committees in Paris from exercising any influence upon the departments by enacting that no citizen should be eligible for election out of the place of his domicile, and making it penal for anybody to canvass electors out of his own department. There is no doubt that these and other equally rash, mischievous, and paltry suggestions have been made, but according to the latest rumours the Emperor, although vexed and angry, as his speech to Cardinal Bonaparte shows, has for the present rejected all this bad advice.

The *Temps* says:—"The affair of the four Italians will come before the assizes with the original important character, which inquiry into the case has not diminished. The accused will have to clear themselves not on account of the detention of arms, but of the plot against the life of the Emperor."

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* says:—"The preliminary investigation in the case of the Italians has terminated, the accused having undergone the last examination on Thursday. It appears certain that they will be tried at the assizes in the first fortnight of February."

The debate in the Legislative Body recently turned on the amendment relating to the press, demanding some alleviation in the system of severity which has left it a mere shadow. The Emperor who so largely used the liberty of the press himself, when free and when captive, continues inexorable. He is inexorable, if we may judge by the following passage from the words of M. Rouland, Minister and President of the Council of State, at the close of the debate:—"We should be very happy if the country, free from anti-dynastic parties, were in such a state of calm and repose, and with every passion hushed, as would allow of the practical modifications which some among you may desire. But as men who know their obligations, as men who form an exact notion of the state of things,—we do not believe that at this hour, and in presence of the great public duties imposed on the Emperor's Government, we can consent to any modification whatever in the existing *regime* of the press. The Government desires that the public sentiment and the true interests of the country may some day give to the Emperor an opportunity of taking it into consideration. Gentlemen, have faith in the wisdom and patriotism of the Emperor, which will never be wanting to France."

The *Moniteur* adds that this final declaration was received with marks of approbation and cries of "*Tres bien, tres bien*." (Good, good.) M. Fieud had just time to say it was the state of siege in permanence when the amendment was put and rejected. So about the "liberty of the press" nothing more is to be said. Its story is told.

AUSTRIA.

In a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies the following resolution was moved by a considerable number of the most important members:—"The Chamber of Deputies cannot consider the measures taken by the Government in reference to Schleswig as in conformity with the interests of Austria, nor as calculated to ensure general peace in Europe, and therefore believes itself compelled to decline any responsibility for the consequences which may attend the steps of the Government."

The resolution was agreed to, in spite of the energetic opposition of almost all the Ministers, by eighteen to seventeen votes.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

Intelligence has been received by her Majesty's Government that Austria and Prussia refuse to suspend or delay the entry of their troops into Schleswig.

The Prussian vanguard marched into Kiel on Monday morning. They removed the German flag, and placed the Prussian colours on the guard-house. They demanded the withdrawal of Duke Frederick's citizen guard, threatening to employ force in case of non-compliance. The guard then dispersed by desire of the duke.

Two Prussian battalions and one battery arrived the same afternoon. They were received without any kind of demonstration.

A letter from Kiel says:—"However superior the forces brought against her may be, most people here still expect that Denmark will make a stout resistance, and, if the present thaw continues, by no means an ineffectual resistance. Neither are people at all sure that Denmark will be left single-handed in the struggle, nor have they abandoned all hope that Austria and Prussia may soon find out that there is a limit even to German patience, and that the dignity of the Diet and of the nation is not to be outraged with impunity. The people here, in short, rely not a little on the chances of foreign intervention and domestic revolution. Already the movement in the South of Germany has found powerful and daring leaders, and some of the minor Governments there are said to be contemplating the convocation of a national German Parliament. Unable to cope with the might of Prussia and Austria, and to unite their votes for the choice of a powerful, able, and popular leader, the minor German Powers look up to the French Emperor as their protector, and there is no doubt that a cannon will not be fired on the Elbe if that great monarch only raises a little finger to forbid it."

PRUSSIA.

The Crown Prince is going north with the Prussian army, but only, it is understood, as a spectator. The Princess Victoria is unwell—not seriously, but sufficiently to cause the postponement of a reception she was to have held the other night.

The Chamber of Deputies on Monday ordered the committee on the budget immediately report upon the vote on the budget given on Saturday last by the Upper House. The committee accordingly made their report, which proposed that the vote of the Upper House should be declared null and void. This proposition was adopted by the house. Count Enlenburg then read a royal message, stating that the Diet would be closed.

The Diet was closed by the President of the Council, who read the speech from the throne.

The following are the most important passages:—"The Chamber of Deputies has maintained the ground which led to the dissolution of the previous chamber. The house has rejected the Bill referring to Article 99 of the Constitution, and has not discussed the Budget of 1863. In the budget of the current year it

has struck out items which are indispensable for the public service. The house has also renewed the resolution of the previous Chamber upon the military budget without having discussed the preliminary Bill establishing the obligation to military service. For that reason the Upper House, in the exercise of its constitutional rights, has rejected the budget of 1863 as amended by the Chamber of Deputies. Renouncing, therefore, for the present the hope of bringing about an understanding with the Chamber, the Government considers it its duty to act for the maintenance of the State, and relies herein upon the growing support of the country."

JAPAN.

ALLEGED REFUSAL OF SATSUMA TO PAY THE INDEMNITY.

The Paris papers publish news from Japan, received by telegraph from Malta, asserting that Prince Satsuma had refused to pay the indemnity until the English should have evacuated Yokohama. The English are said to be awaiting reinforcements.

THE WAR IN INDIA.

A BOMBAY letter of the 29th December has the following:—"Our war on the frontier continues the chief subject of interest. The latest reliable intelligence sent to England by the last mail was only to the 2nd inst., and left matters in a very gloomy and uncertain state. The intelligence that will reach you by the present opportunity is of a far more hopeful and reassuring character, and if the latest news can be entirely depended on, we hope the war is now virtually at an end. The Bombay Government received a telegram yesterday from the Government of the Punjab to the effect that the engagements made by the Bonair tribe with Major James, our commissioner, had been faithfully carried out. The Bonairs submitted in all respects, left hostages in the British camp, sent a contingent of their tribe to accompany our Guide corps, and the two together destroyed Mulka, the seat of the so-called Hindustani fanatics, and then returned to Umbeyla. It is further reported by the Punjab Government that after the exaction of hostages from the Indoon and Otanwazi tribes the force will return to the plains and go into quarters. Affairs during the greater part of the fortnight between the 2nd and the 15th inst. had been tolerably quiet, but on the 15th inst. a severe encounter took place on our attacking Lalloo, from which place the enemy were driven in the most gallant style. They lost, according to the loose reckoning which has been common throughout these encounters, some 300 men killed and wounded. Our loss fortunately was small, and no officer either killed or wounded. On the 16th, however, matters were much more serious. Our force descended from the heights, and took possession of Umbeyla without opposition, but later in the day the 23rd and 32nd Punjab Infantry got engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, killing 200 of the enemy, said to be chiefly Hindustanis. On our side there was a loss of killed and wounded exceeding 50, including the following officers:—Lieutenant G. Alexander, of the 23rd, killed; Lieutenant C. D. Nott, of the 23rd, and Wheeler of the 32nd, severely wounded; Captain Chamberlain, of the 23rd and Lieutenant F. H. Marsh, of the 32nd, slightly wounded. After the fight the troops bivouacked round Umbeyla. Ghuzam Khan, of Dher, and all the Esjorees fled. After this affair our troops remained unmolested. The Bonair Jirga came into camp and arranged matters with the commissioner, as already mentioned, and the destruction of Mulka was accomplished. Incidental to the excitement caused by our expedition into the Esufzee country has been the raid made by a body of hill-men in the Peshawar districts on the 5th inst., in repelling which a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Bishop, of the 6th Cavalry, was killed when charging vigorously at the head of his men. In this affair the enemy amounted to about 300. It seems to have been a mere raid for plunder, such as is only too common on the frontier. They were promptly driven back by the cavalry, some thirty stragglers were left behind, and it was when dealing with these that Lieutenant Bishop, while leading on his men, was shot dead by a man lying or sitting on the ground about thirty yards from him. The man who shot Lieutenant Bishop was, it is said, immediately afterwards cut to pieces by the sowars. Sir Hugh Rose is now at Rawul Pindee, close to the seat of war, with a large force at his command ready to meet any emergency."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

The frontispiece to this week's number of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* is a portrait of the Emperor of Austria, whose name is now prominently before the public as one of the great German sovereigns whose forces are employed to wrest Schleswig-Holstein from the King of Denmark.

Francis Joseph Charles ascended the throne of Austria Dec. 2, 1849, on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. Francis Joseph is the eldest son of the Archduke Francis Charles, who stood next to the late emperor in the legal order of succession, and the Princess Sophia, and was born August 18, 1830. On ascending the throne, he promised in the most solemn manner to give freedom and a constitutional government to his country. His first proclamation contained the following passage:—"We are convinced of the necessity and value of free institutions, and enter with confidence on the path of a prosperous reformation of the monarchy. On the basis of true liberty, on the basis of the equality of the rights of our people, and the equality of all citizens before the law, and on the basis of their equal participation in the representation and legislation, the country will rise to its ancient grandeur, and will become a hall to shelter many tongues, united under the sceptre of our fathers." The first act of the young monarch was to close the national representative assembly, met at Kremsier; the second, to cancel the ancient constitution of Hungary. By the aid of the Emperor of Russia, he succeeded in overwhelming the resistance of the Hungarian nation, while Radetsky secured the submission of the Lombard and Venetian kingdom. Having thus gained internal peace and freedom of governmental and legislative action, he promulgated the notorious edicts of Schonbrunn, September 26th, 1851, in which he declared his ministers "responsible to no other political authority besides the throne." He added, "The Cabinet must swear unconditional fidelity, as also the engagement to fulfil all my ordinances and resolutions. It will be its duty to carry out my will concerning all laws and administrative acts, whether considered necessary by the ministers or originating with me."

Since his armies were defeated by the French, at Magenta, Solferino, &c., and Lombardy wrested from the House of Hapsburg, the Emperor seems to have profited by these lessons of misfortune. He has certainly displayed more liberal tendencies, and shown some disposition to extend the political liberties of his Hungarian subjects. The Emperor is now engaged, in conjunction with the King of Prussia, in endeavouring to emancipate the Schleswig-Holsteiners from the yoke of Denmark.

TRUE uncoloured teas, hitherto unobtainable, are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. They combine purity, fine flavour, and lasting strength, and are much more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement]

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Manns, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement]

General News.

A TATTOOED New Zealander, working as a gold miner at the Bendigo diggings, found a nugget, in November last, weighing 14½ lb., and worth £600.—*Australian Paper.*

SOME curiosity exists as to the name and title of the young Prince, some asserting that it will be Prince Albert Edward of Wales, whilst others think that he will receive some such designation as Duke of Cornwall, or Duke of Gloucester. No doubt, however, exists that his juvenile royal highness will, like his father, be named Albert Edward; but it is, perhaps, not so universally known that the name by which the Prince of Wales will ascend the throne—(may the day be far distant!)—will be King Edward VII. It is said that this was the express wish of the late Prince Consort, who thought that Albert I. would hardly sound congenial to the English ear. It has, however, grown congenial enough since his demise, through the respect we pay to the memory of the good Prince.—*Court Journal.*

THE Earl of Derby will give a parliamentary dinner on Wednesday, the 3rd proximo, to a large circle of his political friends in the Upper House of the Legislature.

A BOTTLE has been picked up on the coast of Norway since the December gales, containing the following message:—"Schooner Jessie, of Shields, seven days from Stockholm, and within sight of Scotland, April 1, 1863. Four feet water in the hold, and the pump choked. The master washed overboard this morning; two men and a boy remaining. Any one finding this is requested to communicate with the editor of any newspaper. 11 a.m., the boat getting ready. 1½ a.m., the water gaining rapidly."

By the death of Mr. George Burgess of Ramsgate, a literary pension of £100 a year falls back to the nation.

As another proof of the interest which our authorities take in the progress of gun manufacture in the United States of America, we may mention that Lieutenant-Colonel Gallwey, of the Royal Engineers, and a member of the Ordnance select committee, and Captain Alderson, of the Royal Artillery, and assistant superintendent of experiments at Shoeburyness, have been despatched across the Atlantic by the War-office, for the purpose of obtaining information as may be useful to ourselves. The trials now going on in America are on a grand scale, and the results should not be lost upon us.

THE vacant colonelcies of the 98th and the 2nd West India Regiments will be conferred upon Major-General Robert Law and Major-General Sir Robert Percy Douglas, now commanding the troops at the Cape.

THE RIGHT HON. B. DIERAULT, as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, has issued cards of invitation to a parliamentary dinner for Wednesday, the 3rd proximo.

SIR JAMES BULLER EAST, Bart., who has represented Winchester in parliament in the Conservative interest for upwards of thirty years, has resigned his seat. The honourable baronet states as his reason for resigning, increasing years and decreasing aptitude for parliamentary life.

Messrs. CUNARD, WILSON, and Co., of Liverpool, announce that the Great Eastern steamship will be sold on the 17th of February, "peremptorily and without any reserve," unless previously disposed of by private treaty.

WE hear that the 2nd brigade of Royal Artillery, now stationed at Dover, is under orders to embark for Copenhagen, instead of proceeding to Australia.—*United Service Gazette.*

ON Saturday, the mortal remains of the late Duke of Athole were interred in a vault in the ruined church of the old village of Blair-Athole, amidst the regrets of hundreds of people.

LORD PALMERSTON has nominated the Rev. Frederick Charles Cook, M.A., prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral and preacher of Lincoln's-inn, to the canonry in Exeter Cathedral rendered vacant by the elevation of the Rev. E. Harold Browne, B.D., to the Bishopric of Ely.

THE renovation and repair of Lincoln Cathedral is being steadily proceeded with. Nearly the whole of the south side has now been restored, and the noble west front, with the niches containing eleven figures of early English kings over the entrance, will be thoroughly refitted.

COUNT DE FLAHAUT, recently French ambassador in London, has been selected by the Emperor for the post, vacated by Admiral Hamelin's death, of Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. The count, an old soldier of the empire, is now an old man; his commission as general of division dates as far back as 1813.

M. BARDOUX, a manufacturer of Poitiers, is said to have made a discovery which will effect a revolution in the manufacture of paper. He has succeeded in manufacturing paper from various descriptions of timber, such as oak, walnut, pine, and chestnut, and from vegetables, and without the addition of rags. Samples of various descriptions of paper are exhibited at the office of the *Journal des Inventeurs*. M. Bardoux asserts that his invention will cause a reduction of 60 to 80 per cent. in the price of paper.

IT appears from inquiries made by the Swiss authorities, that M. Mazzini left Lugano in the beginning of October last, and that the men who have been arrested on the charge of a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor Napoleon did not arrive at that place till the month of November.

ON Saturday, the Penance Corporation voted congratulatory addresses to her Majesty the Queen and their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the birth of the young prince.

MURDER IN IRELAND.

A BRUTAL murder was committed on Saturday morning at a place called Kilnacola, near Grousehall, within seven miles of Cavan, and the particulars of which are as follows:—It appears that about thirteen years ago a lad named Bernard Cagley lived with a farmer named Peter Reilly, and while in his employment as a ass (Reilly's property) wounded his hand in such a manner that amputation was necessary. Cagley after this accident suddenly disappeared. On Friday a stranger entered Reilly's house, and asked him did he know him, and upon his being answered in the negative, he reminded him of the accident and stated that he was Cagley. Reilly invited him to remain all night with his family, and after partaking of supper, they all retired to rest, Cagley going to sleep with Reilly's servant boy in a loft over the kitchen. About two o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Reilly, hearing a noise in the loft, called to the servant boy to be cautious in coming down, as the entrance was dangerous, whereupon she was answered from the kitchen by Cagley that he had seen a light outside the house and could not sleep. Upon Reilly going up to Cagley to see what was wrong with him, he stabbed him in the kidney with a knife. Reilly shouted, "I am killed!" and shortly afterwards expired. Upon hearing the shout of her husband, Mrs. Reilly ran up, when Cagley also stabbed her in the abdomen. She seized a cleaver and made a blow at him, whereupon he walked out of the house, dressed in his shirt and trousers, went to the Virginia Police-station five miles distant, and surrendered himself. From the nature of the injuries inflicted upon Mrs. Reilly, it is not likely that she can survive. An inquest has been held and a verdict of "Wilful murder" returned against Cagley. Upon entering the prison he was at once recognised as a ticket-of-leave convict, which he acknowledged. Various causes are assigned for the perpetration of the murder; some think his object was revenge for the loss of his hand, while others are of opinion that his object was robbery, for Reilly was supposed to have had a large sum of money, and to have kept it in his house.—*Dublin Express.*

DEATH THROUGH FRIGHT.

ON Monday, Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, deputy coroner, held an inquest at the White Hart Tavern, Kingsland-road, touching the death of a young woman named Priscilla May, aged nineteen, who lost her life through the practical joke of a servant, in dressing up as a ghost.

Mr. H. May, a tradesman, carrying on business at No 145, Kingsland-road, said that deceased, his daughter, was a dressmaker. She was in perfect health when, about four months ago, she went to Mr. Blyth's house in Hyde Park-gardens to do some work. She returned three days afterwards looking seriously affected in health. She could hardly breathe. Her nostrils were greatly distended, and were plugged. She said that she had been terribly frightened the night before. As she was going up-stairs, she stated, with the governess and the servant, past the bath-room, the door of the latter was seen to be open. She asked the servant to close the door, and the latter was going to do so, when something all in white threw the door wide open, and appeared from the darkness. She said that she instantly fell back screaming into the arms of the governess. Blood gushed from her nostrils, and she was carried down stairs insensible. A doctor was sent for, and the servants remained up with her all night. It appeared that the apparition in white was a servant, who dressed herself all in white in a practical joke. Deceased never recovered from the shock. She lost her appetite and her mind became affected. She gradually sank, and she died on the 19th inst.

Sophia Sturgeon said that she was a servant in the employ of a gentleman residing at 30, Upper Hyde-park-gardens, Baywater. On the night in question witness was proceeding Miss Clarke, the governess, and the deceased up-stairs, when she heard a supernatural scream, to imitate a ghost. Deceased gave a scream, like a laugh, and fell. Witness believed she fell upon the stairs. Deceased had been bleeding from the nose during the day. A doctor was sent for. Witness said that Emma Frisbey, the nursery governess, came to the door of the bath-room in her white night-dress as a joke. Witness would swear none of the other servants were in the secret.

Emma Frisbey, nursery governess, said that she made her appearance in white merely to frighten the persons going up-stairs. The other servants knew nothing of her intention. She told deceased that she was very sorry that she had so seriously frightened her. The whole affair was a frolic "out of her own head."

Mr. A. Catterwood, surgeon, said that he was called in to deceased, and found her suffering from loss of blood, from nausea, sleeplessness, and want of appetite. Latterly she became affected in her mind. She would not look at witness or answer when spoken to. He believed she died from an obscure affection of the brain complicated with hysteria. Her death was decidedly accelerated by the fright.

The Coroner said that the act of dressing up as a ghost was very foolish, and very dangerous. In several cases it produced idiosyncy, and in the present instance it caused death. It was but right to consider, however, that the young woman who caused the mischief did not intend anything serious, and that she was evidently sincerely sorry for her folly. No doubt this case would set as a warning to young persons, and in that way do a public good.

The jury returned a verdict of "Death from obscure disease of the brain and hysteria, accelerated by a fright, and that the said death was caused by misfortune."

CONVICTED BY MISTAKE.

THE Recorder of Devonport has now under consideration a case, in which it is believed that injustice is being done to three youths who are at present in Devonport gaol. James Attis, John Jenkins, and Charles Smith, whose ages vary from fourteen to seventeen years, were convicted at the last Devonport sessions for stealing part of a leaden pipe belonging to the water cistern of a house at Ford.

The only material evidence against them was that of Police-constable Dyer, who deposed that before he knew of the commission of the robbery he met the prisoners in a road near Ford, at three o'clock in the morning; that he questioned them and searched them, a lamp-post being close by and finding nothing upon them, he let them go. They presently began to run, and the stolen property was found on the road which they had passed. There is no question but that the youths thus met were the thieves, but there is a doubt, amounting to a positive disproof, that they were Attis, Jenkins, and Smith. Dyer, the policeman who apprehended them a day or two afterwards, has from the first been most positive that the prisoners were the boys he met, and he still maintains that he was not mistaken. His evidence, unsupported and contradicted by two witnesses, induced a majority of the jury to return a verdict of "Guilty." We say a majority, because the jury were so doubtful on the matter that they not only retired for consultation, but, on returning, their foreman, by a *loquax lingua*, let out the divided state of feeling by giving as a verdict, "Guilty, but recommended to mercy because the evidence is not clear against them."

The prisoners were undefended, and this strange verdict passed unchallenged, and the lads were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from four to eighteen months, and to be whipped. The former punishment they are now enduring; the latter, fortunately, has not been carried out. On the arrival of the lads at Devonport Prison, they were seen by the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. May. From the time of their apprehension they all protested that the police had got hold of the wrong parties, and this assertion was renewed with so much earnestness to the chaplain that that gentleman made inquiries. Aided by Mr. Eastlake, solicitor to the Admiralty, Mr. May set to work to find out the truth; discovered and examined important witnesses, and brought their statements before the authorities. The result has been that, after careful investigations, the jury who convicted the lads have signed a memorial expressing their unanimous belief that the prisoners are innocent; and the Devonport magistrates, having made independent inquiries, have forwarded the memorial of the jury to the Recorder, commending their prayer to his attention. The mass of evidence now brought to light showing the innocence of the prisoners is not only conclusive, but really astonishing. It is discovered that not only were Attis, Smith, and Jenkins not guilty, but that three other lads, somewhat resembling them, whose names are well known, are the real culprits. Attis and Smith slept on the night of the robbery at a lodging-house kept by one Painter, and in the same room with them were four other persons, all poor, of course, but two of them of unblemished character, who have positively declared that the lads named did not leave the room the whole night through. Jenkins, the third prisoner, was that night sleeping at a house at the back of King-street, and four out of the five who slept in the same room with him have declared to the magistrate that the boy slept in the same bedroom. But, to crown all, a lad recently released from prison is found, who confesses that it was he who committed the robbery, with two companions. A second member of this second trio has been seen, and intimates that he would confess if he were assured that a prosecution would not follow. Under these circumstances, the Recorder of Devonport will probably advise Sir George Grey to advise the Queen to pardon the three prisoners for an offence which it is clear they never committed.—*Western Morning News.*

ARTHUR GRANGER makes no charge for engraving dies with arms, crests, monograms, or addresses, if an order is given for a ream of note paper and 500 envelopes to match at 2½s., all stamped free of any extra. A copper-plate engraved in any style and fifty best cards printed for 2s., post free, at 308, High Holborn, W.C.—*[Advertisement]*

REPORTED MURDER OF DR LIVINGSTONE.

[From the South African Mail.]

FROM the interior of Africa we have startling news, the most important item of which, however, we trust, is untrue. Her Majesty's steamer *Ariel*, which arrived this week from the Mozambique coast, announces a letter from the Governor of Sena to the Governor of Quillimane, stating that Dr. Livingstone had been murdered by the natives on Lake Nyassa. A subsequent report prevailed, however, to the effect that he had not been killed, but badly wounded. It is certain that, accompanied only by five Makololo, he had gone up from the Murchison Falls to Lake Nyassa; but, judging from the previous misstatements from the same quarter, we are not disposed to give any credit to the tragic news now communicated. By the same vessel an interesting letter has been received by Sir Thomas Maclear from the Doctor, written in July last, immediately after receiving tidings of the recall of his expedition. He wrote then, though somewhat disappointed, in his usual hopeful and courageous tone. "Our recall," he says, "did not take me any way by surprise, for the Portuguese slave-hunters of Tette and Quillimane had so completely aided a drought of one season that the population of this Shire Valley, among whom we had good prospects of success, is almost entirely destroyed. They finished the people and our work together; and had I believed that the scourge had been half as sweeping as I now find it to be, I should not have come up. I am, of course, sorry to see the failure of my hopes through no fault of my own, and I deeply regret ever giving the slightest credence to the protestations of desire on the part of Portuguese statesmen for the civilization of Africa. The most bitter point of all is to see this line of coast from Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay left to those who were the first to begin the slave trade, and are determined to be the last to abandon it. It is, however, very pleasant to see a new bishop and his band of labourers coming in as we retire. The prospects of the mission, we are happy to say, seem more favourable than they had been for some months before. The bishop was about to organize it in Morumbula, an elevated and healthy site at the confluence of the shire; and though two of the old hands, Mr. Proctor and Mr. Rowley, have been compelled from ill-health to retire, the newly-arrived missionaries are as energetic and confident of success as ever. Mr. Proctor is to enter upon mission work at Natal in Panda's country, and Mr. Rowley returns to England. By this vessel we are also glad to welcome back to the Cape Dr. Meller, of her Majesty's steamer *Pioneer*, who was reported from the Mozambique to have been dead nearly a year ago.

DREADFUL MURDER OF A WIFE IN LIVERPOOL.

A WOMAN named Ann Johnson, living in Three-court, Cazneau-street, Liverpool, was brutally murdered by her husband, Samuel Johnson, a marble mason, on Saturday evening. It appears that both of them were much addicted to intemperate habits, and during the afternoon the man had been drinking with his sister and another woman at various public-houses, but went home in the evening, at which time he was drunk, having the residue of his wages with him in his pocket. His wife wanted to get the money from him, but he refused to let her have it, and some words ensued, but not of any serious import, and he fell asleep. While in that condition she took the money out of his pocket, and, as it is stated, went to a public-house in the neighbourhood, when she had some drink with some persons thereat, and with whom she had been previously acquainted. After a time she said she would go and see how Sam was getting on. He was awake when she returned, had missed his money, and asked her for it, but she would not give it back to him. A desperate quarrel ensued, during which he struck her, knocked her down, kicked her in a most brutal manner on several parts of her body, and, as stated by a boy who saw the whole affair, but was afraid to interfere, dashed her head several times against the floor. An alarm was speedily raised, but the man fled, and upon medical evidence being called in the woman was found to be dead.

EXTRAORDINARY SWINDLE.

AN old man, named John Dolan, the keeper of a provision shop in the village of Primetown, county of Meath, has been made the victim of a most extraordinary hoax, by which he has lost a sum of £110, all the cash he possessed in the world. A man, who gave his name as Morgan, and who was known in the rural districts as a watchmaker, had for some eight months past been carrying messages between Dolan (who had the reputation of being wealthy) and a young woman styling herself Miss Reilly, who, Morgan stated, lived at Donore, where she had eight or ten acres of land, which she was about to sell, and reside with an aunt at Ardee, in the county of Louth. About six weeks ago Morgan informed the old man that Miss Reilly had sold the farm, for which she had received £100, and had already gone to Ardee, after depositing the money in the bank; that she wanted a steady, staid man, and having heard that he (Dolan) was a good dealer, she believed they would act a wise part in putting their money and themselves together, and opening a shop in Ardee. On Tuesday week Morgan again paid Dolan a visit, and brought him the happy tidings that Miss Reilly had consented to meet him next day at Drogheda, when all matters connected with the marriage were to be arranged. Miss Reilly had also requested that Dolan should bring all his money with him on the occasion. On Wednesday morning the old man harnessed the horse, and proceeded with Morgan on the car to Drogheda, taking with him 110l. and two days' provender for the horse. At Drogheda they met Miss Reilly, in company of a young man who was understood to be a relative, and who on a previous occasion had paid a visit to Dolan at Primetown. The meeting appeared to be a very joyous one, at least on the part of Dolan, as the female was a bouncing and rather handsome girl of twenty years of age. It would appear that several half-pints of whisky were consumed in the course of a few hours' conversation, and so fascinated had old Dolan become with Miss Reilly's appearance and agreeable conversation that he took out all the cash, in notes and gold, threw it into her lap, and desired her to take care of it. Some time afterwards Dolan proceeded to prepare the horse and car for the journey to Ardee; but when he returned he found that the party had decamped, except Morgan, who seemed to commiserate Dolan's position very much, and assisted him in making search for them about the place. Giving up all hopes of tracing the young couple, he returned to his home and gave information of the circumstances to the constabulary. No such person as Miss Reilly or her aunt was known at Ardee, and all the tales previously told to Dolan turned out to be fabrications.—*Freeman's Journal.*

PERFECTION OF MECHANISM.—"As engineers we can say that it really approaches much nearer the perfection of mechanism than any other example of clockwork we have yet seen on anything like the same large scale."—*Engineer*, August 15, 1862. Clocks by the first artists of the day for the drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, library, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, church, turret, railways, warehouse, counting-house, musical, and astronomical. Church and turret clocks specially estimated for. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Clocks (free by post for two stamps) with descriptions and prices, enables those who live in any part of the world to select a clock. Also, a short pamphlet on cathedral and public clocks, free for one stamp. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention, in Classes 3 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by Special Warrant of Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—*[Advertisement]*

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ATHERTON, M.P.

THE announcement, though not unexpected, of the death of Sir William Atherton, Q.C., M.P. for the city of Durham, the late attorney-general, has been received by the profession and the general public with much regret. When he might fairly have looked forward to judicial honours, the most terrible disease that can befall man has struck him down before his sixtieth year, and a career marked not more by great industry, conscientiousness, and high-minded integrity, than by blamelessness of life and amiable manners, has been cut short by a sudden dispensation of Providence. The melancholy event occurred on Friday, the 22nd instant.

The deceased lawyer was the second son of the Rev. William Atherton, a Wesleyan minister, by the daughter of the Rev. Walter Morison, a Presbyterian minister, and was born in Glasgow in 1806. His father was author of a standard "History of Wesleyanism, its Character and Agencies," published in 1839. He was educated in one of the northern colleges of his sect, and having entered the Temple, practised special pleading below the bar from 1832 to 1839. He was called to the bar by the Inner as well as the Middle Temple, November 22nd, 1839, and went the Northern Circuit. He was a sound lawyer; and after a few years of prosperity he was entitled to write Q.C. after his name, and in due time led the circuit once led by a Brongham. In 1855 he became counsel to the Admiralty and Judge advocate of the fleet. In December, 1857, he was appointed solicitor-general, and received the honour of knighthood; and from July, 1861, to October, 1863, held the higher office of attorney-general.

In July, 1852, at the dissolution, he was returned as a Radical for the city of Durham. An excellent lawyer and a famous special pleader, he was not a statesman; hence his undoubted failure in the house. But it would be a very great mistake to suppose that when in office he was not useful to the Government. He was useful to his superior officer, Sir R. Bethell, on points of detail in all matters relating to common law. When he became attorney-general he made some very admirable and well-reasoned speeches in introducing and carrying through measures of



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ATHERTON, M.P.

law reform. In his political views he was a Liberal, but not an extreme man. He professed to be a Dissenter, but was by no means a violent enemy to the Church. He voted against church rates, for the ballot, for an impossibly low suffrage, &c.; but he was, after all, a practical, quiet Liberal, who had no real desire to push crotchets to a dangerous or absurd point of applicability. He was a most religious, amiable, and excellent man in private life, and never made a personal enemy.

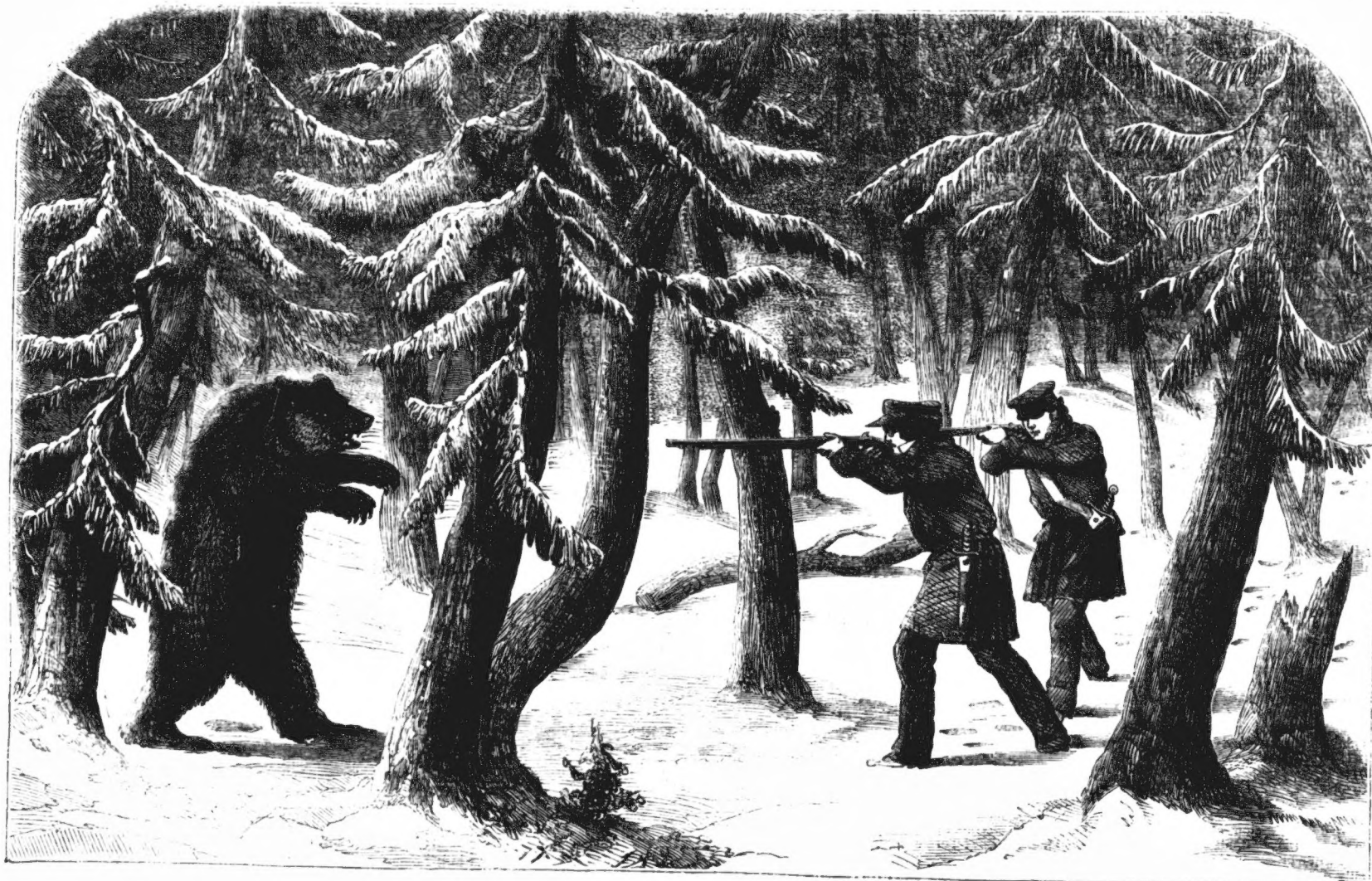
Sir William married in 1842 the second daughter of Mr. T. J. Hall, the senior magistrate of Bow-street Police-court and chief stipendiary magistrate of the metropolis.

A RUSSIAN BEAR-HUNT.

WINTER brings with it the sports of the field. In Great Britain our sportsmen derive satisfaction from the pursuit of the hare, the pheasant, and the partridge, and such small game. We have nothing more dangerous than a fox to destroy, and as to hunting the wild deer and following the roe, that is a pleasure reserved but for few. In northern climes, huntmen have higher game. The engraving we give below is from an original sketch of a Russian bear-hunt, and shows how Bruin is met and conquered by the men of the North. A bear-hunt must be fine, exciting sport, and the bear-hunter must feel that he is doing a service to the community in ridding it of a dangerous foe.

A PRUSSIAN VETERAN.—The *Brinn Gazette* relates the following:—"Colonel Hussmann, pensioned from the Austrian army, is now living at Brussels. Born in 1751 he retired on a pension in 1797 as colonel of the Walloon Regiment of the line, which now bears the name of Nugent. When he heard that his old corps was about to go to Holstein, the veteran, now in his 113th year, determined to proceed thither to see it. His strength, however, was not equal to his inclination, and he was obliged to content himself with writing a letter to the officers of the regiment."

MADELINE SMITH IN QUEENSLAND.—A Queensland journal states that the "notorious Madeline Smith, tried at Edinburgh some years since for poisoning her lover, was a passenger by the ship *Sunda*, which lately arrived at Brisbane."



A RUSSIAN BEAR HUNT.

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. VII.

"FOUND again!" resounds through the field, as the voice of Hector rings out sharp and clear the moment the scent has been found. Nancy and Flora next give forth the challenge, followed by Rufus and Caesar, and soon the whole pack have hold of the scent, which lies well with the southerly wind, and are pressing forward on the trail of the fox. Now Brusher is foremost, and dashes over the hedge with a single bound. Rioter is next over, having just topped the red berries of the holly, while Trudger and Trouncer have dashed through in a scramble, making way for the whole pack as the rush comes on the hedge, breaking and snapping the twigs and branches with their weight. Soon the joyous tones, clearer and louder; louder, and still louder; and another curve of the hill has to be rounded to get a broad and open view. In a moment it is reached, and—glorious sight!—a few hundred yards only separate them from the hounds. Shout after shout, and yodels after yodels is given, as each gladdened hunter comes in view. Yonder cuts the whipper-in to round an intercepting thicket, and away over hedge-row and across brook and fence goes the huntsman, to be amongst the hounds again. Soon they hear his cheering voice, and answer out in delight. Another spurt is put on. How well and steadily they work together! All seem to carry on with an independent scent. Now, another leap is taken, and a rush onward is made for the copse. Hark! surely that is the distant view halloo of the whipper-in. He has skirted round the wood, and gained a sight of the now flagging Reynard. Hark again! "fally h-o-o-o-o-o!" the very dogs know the sound. See how Vengeance dashes ahead; another bound, and he is in the thicket, followed by

a dash. In a moment he is dismounted and is making for the thickest of the fight, where first one and then another has got a grip of the mangled fox. Now, he makes a dash at Spitfire, and then at Fearless, and then with a swing round of his heavy thigh he clears away. Another moment, and he is holding the lifeless Reynard high over head. Now he mounts a bank, cuts off his brush, and waves the fox round his head. Shouts and huzzas ring through the fields. Louder, still louder, bay the dogs, till all are gathered round in a compact mass. Another loud cheer, and the fox is thrown among the dogs to be devoured.

AN IRISH LOVE STORY.

THE *Cork Examiner* vouches for the truth of the following bit of romance in real life, which reminds one of Ireland sixty years ago:—

"On last Tuesday week one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Cork Theatre was attracted to it by the promised attendance at the performance of the fox-hunters of the south of Ireland in full hunting costume. Connected with this incident is a story which contains a strong spice of romance. A gentleman residing in Cork, of considerable eminence in the scientific world, as well as distinguished in the hunting-field and in social circles, was recently at a ball near Queenstown, at which a young lady of great beauty was present. In the course of the evening the gentleman, who had been but a short time previously introduced to the lady, managed to monopolise her conversation so much as to excite some little annoyance among various other gentlemen present. Among these were

"Thy colours in my cap I wore,
Thy presence in my heart I bore;
Surely, a charmed life was mine,
Since it in thought was linked with thine.

"Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee!

"No craven fear my bosom crosed,
I cared not if the race were lost,
So thou couldst look on me with pride,
For thee I'd willingly have died.

"Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee!

"But, thanks to fate, the world's reversed,
And I can sing what I've rehearsed
So often in the weary night,
For thee I win! for thee I fight!

"Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

"Then, as reward for every task
Performed by thee, I only ask
One single, simple glance of love
From the bright eyes of my own dove.

"Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee!"

HEENAN.—We had a visit from Heenan on Friday, Jan. 22, and were sorry to find that he was still suffering from severe illness.



HUNTING SKETCHES.—No. VII.—DEATH OF THE FOX.

the whole pack, which make the woods ring again with their clamorous tongues. Still louder comes the view halloo. Harder works the huntsman and second whip to get the dogs through the knarled and tangled brake. Hark again! the dogs are all through, and bay after bay announces that the fox is in sight. Now every huntsman presses on still harder through the woods. What tearing and cracking of branches; what shouts proclaim the first one out of the wood, with an open country and the fox in view only one field ahead of the hounds! Heavens! how fierce they dash, as each in turn shows a little in advance. Ah, Reynard, you are doomed! already the dogs can sniff your blood. A few moments, and it will be all over with you.

By this time the principal part of the field have cleared the wood. Their shouts increase as they whip and spur on their almost jaded horses. For nearly three hours they have ridden at a pelt; and now for one more dash to be in at the death. Huntsman, dogs, and fox are all in the same field; not fifty yards are they apart. Every moment lessens the distance. How terribly Fearless presses on! Resolute breasting him. Now, Spitfire dashes in advance. Fiercer and fiercer still is the struggle. There is but ten yards between them. Hazardous makes a spring as if he would clear the distance in a bound, but falls short; Wildfire is all but on him, when Vengeance is again at his tail. A second more, and heavens! they are upon him. How they fight and tear! By Jove! he'll be bolted before the huntsman can get the "brush;" but down he comes with

two English officers, one of whom in the course of the evening made a remark to the Irish gentleman, which, by implication, meant that he would not be as successful in more manly contests. The Irish gentleman at once accepted the implied challenge, and said that if the lady would give him her bracelet to wear as a gage at the next day's hunt, which was to come off near Fermoy, he would undertake to come in at the finish before either of the two officers, and would then write a song to be dedicated to the lady, and in her praise, which he would get set to music, and afterwards have sung before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Cork Theatre. The wager was at once accepted, 20l. being the sum staked. The lady with much spirit gave her bracelet, the hunt came off, the gentleman wore it, and rode in triumphantly at the head of the field. He afterwards did compose the song, and got it set to music, and this was the pretty ballad which Mr. Bowler sang so charmingly after the opera. To secure the large house on that night the patronage of the foxhunters of the south of Ireland was obtained by the gentleman who played such a prominent part in the transaction, and the highly successful result was to be found in the crammed condition of every part of the building. The next morning a letter was delivered to the hero of the adventure, containing a cheque for 20l. from his rival, with whom he had made the bet, who thus acknowledged our countryman's superiority as a courtier, a cavalier, and a poet. The following is the song:—

He has been so much reduced in weight that he now barely weighs 12st. 7lb. He declares that beyond the first two or three rounds on his match with King he has no recollection whatever of anything that took place, nor can he in any way account for the extraordinary falling off in his fighting. He felt on entering the ring fit to fight for his life, and he looked upon victory as a foregone conclusion; but in a very few minutes a giddiness came over him, for which he cannot account, and beyond this he remembers nothing at all, and he declares that he has never felt the same man since. His looks on Friday certainly bore out his statement as to his health, and it will evidently require great care on his part to get himself round. He intends paying a flying visit to Liverpool to-day, and will take up his quarters at Mr. Sten's, Talbot Hotel, Great Charlotte-street. On Monday, Jan. 25, his friends will give him a complimentary benefit at Jem Myers's Circus, which we trust will be a bumper, and after this he will return to London, where he intends to take a benefit—a thing he has never yet done—and he hopes thereby to raise sufficient funds to take a trip to some warmer climate for the renovation of his health.

—*Bell's Life*.

A SINGULAR PARISH.—We have it on the authority of the parish clerk of Alkham, that, during the year just ended there has not been in that parish, which has a population of at least 500, a death, nor (shame upon the young Alkhamites!) a single marriage.—*Dover Express*.

SEIZURE OF AN ENGLISH SHIP, AND MURDER OF THE MATE.

A PUBLIC investigation of the circumstances attending the death of James Gray, the chief officer of the barque Saxon, was held before the resident magistrate of Cape Town, on the 2nd ult.

Stephen Shepherd, sworn, stated: I was the master of the bark Saxon. She left Table Bay on the 2nd of September last, with cattle for Government, and bound to Assension, where we arrived about the 17th of the same month. I proceeded from there to Angra Pequena. I received no men from the Atlas. On the morning of the 30th of October I completed loading, and was preparing for sea, and then observed the Vanderbilt, American man-of-war steamer. She anchored abreast of Angra Pequena (Penguin Island). Shortly after the steamer sent an armed boat to my ship. The officer in charge was Beldon, the senior, and Donaghan, the junior officer. The first question asked was where I was from. Afterwards, how long I had been there, and I told them. They then asked for my papers, and I asked by what authority he wanted to see the papers. The officer then told me that Captain Baldwin had sent him to do so, adding, "Captain, it is no use, I must see your papers." He did not ask me what my cargo consisted of before he saw the papers, but after looking at them he said, "Skins and wool, that will do." The officer retained the papers and went to look down the hold, and asked me if I knew where the cargo had come from. I told him all I knew was that I had come here to take it in. He told me that he must take the papers to Captain Baldwin, and then he left the vessel, leaving the junior officer in charge. He took the register, articles, clearance from customs, and the bills of lading with him to the Vanderbilt. I then told the officer that I was ready for sea, and would leave with or without papers, as I was bound to Falmouth for orders. He said, "You had better not try it, for that the steamer could go faster than I could." On that he left the ship. About an hour afterwards another vessel came from the Vanderbilt with another armed crew. This boat left her at the same time as the other boat left my vessel. They got on board and placed armed men on the deck. On coming on board this crew drove my men below. I told the officer I was the master, and he told me that I was no more master of this vessel, and said, "I will thank you to go below and give no more orders, and I will not allow you to talk to any of the ship's company." I told him he ought to have come to me as a gentleman to tell me what his business was, instead of taking charge in the manner he did, and before his commander had seen my papers. He ordered me below then. I made no reply, and obeyed. About four o'clock I observed a boat with the island men coming to our ship to ask for some bread and meat. I told my chief officer, Mr. Gray, that he might give them some, but should first inform the American officer in charge of our vessel, which he did. At first he consented, but afterwards refused. Mr. Gray came and told me of this refusal, and I told him to leave them to the boat, and if he was prevented I could not help it. Mr. Keith was standing by, and told me I was giving too many orders, and if I did not go below he would soon put me where the dogs could not bark at me. I was down below for about nine or ten minutes, when I heard the report of a pistol. I had been in my cabin with a sentry at the door. On hearing the report I rushed on deck, and some one told me in passing they had shot the mate. I went to the main deck and found Mr. Gray lying dead. I raised him in my arms, but found life was extinct. The ball entered at the back of the neck, and I saw a pistol in Donaghan's hands, and I was told that he had shot Mr. Gray. I asked the senior officer why he had shot my mate, and he replied it was an accident. I then asked the junior officer, and his reply was, "Poor fellow, I am sorry for him, but must obey orders." They then took the body below. In the meantime the Vanderbilt had gone in chase of a vessel. The Vanderbilt returned the next morning, when I was sent for by Captain Baldwin. He asked me if I was Captain Shepherd, of the bark Saxon. I replied, "Yes;" and he then said, "Captain, I am sorry for you, but your papers are not satisfactory to me, and I must make a prize of your vessel, and send her to New York, and we know that it is the Tuscoloo's cargo you have on board." Captain Baldwin did not mention Mr. Gray's death immediately. Some time afterwards I told him that I was sorry for the loss of the vessel and of the mate; and the captain replied, in reference to the mate, he was very sorry indeed that it had happened. I asked the officer on board where Mr. Donaghan was, and was told that he was under arrest. The whole of the officers of the Vanderbilt seemed very much affected on hearing of the death of Mr. Gray. When I left the Vanderbilt I was put on shore at Angra Pequena, where I found my crew, who had already been landed, with the exception of the second mate and cook, the former of whom volunteered to go in my place, and the cook, being an American, went voluntarily. They sent bread and water on shore for our use, and we were left without shelter. The mate was buried on the 31st of October, and one of the Vanderbilt's officers, together with myself, attended the funeral. None of the crew were allowed to do so, but the second mate got into the boat in the dark. We were landed on the 1st of November, and walked across the land to Halifax. I took the cargo from the beach by order of my owners.

Richard Cable: I am an able seaman, and was one of the crew of the Saxon. She was a British vessel. On the 30th of October, the Saxon was seized by the Vanderbilt. I was present when the mate (Mr. Gray) was shot. The captain (Shepherd) went below, and a sentry was placed over him. Mr. Gray was standing at the main rigging, close to me. The captain had then been below about ten minutes. While Mr. Gray was going up the ladder to the poop Donaghan said to him, "Go forward, or I will shoot you." Donaghan then pushed Mr. Gray on the right shoulder, and his foot slipped off the ladder. Mr. Gray then looked up at Donaghan, as if to know what it was for, when the latter, who had his pistol in his hand, shot him without any further remark. I did not hear any one call out "Fire!" Mr. Gray had not made the least resistance, or even lifted his hand. Mr. Gray was much liked by all the ship's company. After Donaghan had shot Mr. Gray he ordered his men to draw their swords, and we were ordered to go below. The Vanderbilt's men were twice as many as ours, and they were armed with swords, pistols, and rifles. As I was going forward one of the men of the Vanderbilt, who had his sword in his hand, asked me if we wanted to take the ship back again, and I said, "Does it look like it?" Before Mr. Gray was shot there were more than a dozen of the Vanderbilt's men about him, so that had he shown any resistance they could have overcome him.

CONFUSION OF NAMES.—The *New York Tribune* represents that people are puzzled on hearing or reading that Mr. Brown or Mr. Harris has said or done something in Congress which they could not believe the said Brown or Harris would do—the truth being that they forgot that there are three Browns and three Harries in Congress. Congress had also three Clarks, three Davises, and three Johnsons. As for duplicates, there are a score of them. But the *Tribune* notes that "the Smith family were scandalously overlooked in the elections, and but one of them was chosen; Mr. Smithers, of Delaware, just escaped being a Smith." In the more numerous English House of Commons the Smiths hold their own; there are eight of them, without classing the member who uses the last vowel in the alphabet as "just escaped." There are five Barrings, four Bruces, Egertons, Hamiltons, Peels, and Russells; three Berkeleys, Forsters, Johnstones, Lennoxes, Pagets, Powells, and Seymours; and some seventy instances in which two members bear the same surname. So that nearly 200 members of the House of Commons have a namesake in Parliament with them.

A GIFT FOR THE READERS OF REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

NEW TALE, GRATIS.

Every purchaser of No. 519 of REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY, to be published on Saturday, February 13th, will be entitled to receive as a present, gratis, Number 1 of a

NEW TALE, ENTITLED KATE CHUDLEIGH; OR, THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

BY MALCOLM J. ERRYM.

Author of "The Dark Woman," "Edith the Captive," "Edith Heron," "George Barrington," "Nightshade," &c.

The Duchess of Kingston was one of the most remarkable women of her age, and her adventures are of the most thrilling and interesting description. Endowed with a matchless beauty, boundless ambition, a strong and wayward mind, a glowing temperament, and an amazonian courage, she could scarcely have failed to become the heroine of such a "romance of real life" as far transcends all the fictions of the most imaginative novelist. Her double marriage, her trial before the House of Peers, the bewildering mystery as to whose wife she was after all, and the deep intrigues which characterized her various plottings and schemings, all constitute a series of incidents and adventures which read more like an artfully constructed romance of the wildest description, than as the narrative of actual and positive occurrences. In a word, we may safely predict that Mr. Errym's New Tale, having this remarkable lady for its heroine, will produce an equally extraordinary sensation on the part of the reading public.

The tale will be beautifully illustrated with Wood-engravings designed by the talented pencil of F. Gilbert. It will continue to be published in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts.

Orders must be promptly given for No. 2, to prevent disappointment.

NOTE.—As many copies of No. 1 of this New Tale as of No. 519 of the MISCELLANY will be issued from our Office. Every agent in London will receive a full supply; and country dealers need not therefore experience any disappointment. Should such disappointment occur in any quarter, the fault will not lie at our Office.

London: Published by JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
30	S	Charles I beheaded, 1649	...	5 43	5 59
31	S	Sezagesima Sunday	...	6 18	6 37
1	M	Hilary Term ends	...	7 0	7 23
2	T	Candlemas Day	...	7 50	8 21
3	W	Sun rises 7h. 39m.	...	9 3	9 45
4	T	Fair on the Thames, 1814	...	10 27	11 9
5	F	Sir R. Peel born, 1788	...	11 49	12 0
		Moon's changes.—Last quarter, 1st, 12h. 17m. a.m.			
		Sunday Lessons.			
		MORNING. AFTERNOON.			
		Genesis 3; Matt. 28. Genesis 6; 1 Cor. 12.			

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three pence postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

POSTING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a pink wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

T. C. C.—Several advertisements have appeared in the newspapers inquiring for the "next of kin" in respect to the property you name. But we are totally unacquainted with any further particulars on the subject. We do not undertake to meddle in such matters. We possess a list of persons who have been advertised for, and that is how we are enabled to answer your question. Your best plan will be to employ some respectable London lawyer to make the necessary researches for you; and if you do not know one, you can apply to Mr. Eaden, No. 10, Gray's Inn-square. But no lawyer will take up the matter on mere speculation.

R. F.—You are in error. The first issue of the *Times* newspaper bore the number of 941, being a continuation of the *Universal Register*.

Boss.—The term "honeymoon" is of Teutonic origin. The favourite drink among the Teutons was methuein, made of mead of honey, and drank principally at marriage festivals, which continued during a luncheon month. Hence the term "honeymoon."

ENGINEER.—The first steam-boat in Great Britain was the Comet, used on the Clyde in 1811.

H. T.—Edmund Keen, Charles Kemble Young, and Miss Jarman performed together in "Uthello."

T. K. H.—The proverb "Hobson's choice" originated from one Thomas Hobson, a Cambridge carrier, in the early part of the seventeenth century. No pecuniary or any other interest could induce him to let a horse for hire unless it had its proper turn. "That or none" was his reply.

ROBERT.—"Catholic" means universal, so that the Church of England being termed the Catholic religion of this country by no means identifies itself with the Catholic religion of Spain or France.

R. W.—Edward III of England was King of France for twenty years. Refer to the History of England.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE Prussian and Austrian troops are almost face to face with the Danish army. In refusing to suspend their operations against Schleswig, the Prussian and Austrian Governments have chosen a part which will excite no surprise in Europe. If it be now likely that blood will be shed, it must be remembered that the two leading Powers of Germany have gone so far, and compromised themselves so much in the quarrel, that they may naturally think themselves bound to make some display in the presence of the nation they profess to lead, and the enemy which is preparing to oppose them. The Governments of Berlin and Vienna have in their late acts mortified exceedingly the pride of the minor States by overruling their schemes, and they have also fallen in favour with the German nation generally by the slighting way in which they have received the adverse vote of the Federal Diet. The temper in which the acts of the two Governments are received by their sub-

jects may be judged by the proceedings in their respective Legislatures. The Chamber of Deputies at Vienna is the scene of a discussion directly censuring the Emperor's policy. A considerable number of the most important members, we are told, support a resolution to the effect that the Chamber cannot consider the measures taken by the Government in reference to Schleswig as in conformity with the general interests of Austria, or as calculated to ensure peace in Europe. The Chamber will, therefore,—so runs the resolution,—be compelled to decline any responsibility for the consequences which may follow the acts of the Government. Still more important news arrives from Berlin. The Chamber of Deputies ordered the committee on the budget to report on the vote on the budget given by the Upper House. The committee made its report, and proposed that the vote of the Upper House should be declared null and void. The Chamber of Deputies adopted the report, and Count Eulenburg at once read a royal message, stating that the Diet would be closed by the President of the Council. Such is the position of the two Governments towards their own subjects. It may yet be found possible to unite France, Russia, and Sweden with Great Britain in a pressing request that the two Powers will refrain from attacking the Danish positions at the Dannenwerk. If the collision can be delayed for a time, there may be still hope of avoiding war. In favour of this chance it may be said that the thaw and the activity of the Danish general have given the defenders so many advantages, that it is unlikely any prudent commander will attack them without a very considerable preponderance of force. This preponderance can only be obtained after the lapse of some little time. The Prussians and Austrians are only just making their way to the scene of action, and some time longer must be necessary for the transport of supplies and munitions of war. But the first shot fired in anger sets Europe in a blaze of war.

We believe that early next session a measure will be introduced by her Majesty's Ministers to alter and extend the jurisdiction of the county courts. The history of the course which the legislature has adopted in reference to this class of tribunals is curious and instructive. The great and comprehensive scheme which Lord Brougham proposed more than thirty years ago was defeated principally through the opposition of the bar, who thought that Westminster Hall and the superior courts would be deserted if Lord Brougham's plan of bringing home to every man's door cheap and substantial justice could be accomplished. The credit, however, of having induced parliament to confer upon the people the benefit of the county court system was reserved for a layman, the late Mr. Henry Fitzroy, who, in the year 1845, in spite of the opposition and dislike of the bar, and of metropolitan attorneys, succeeded in carrying the Act. The county court, in reality, was the mere revival of the shire-mote established by King Alfred, which, in the progress of time, had been permitted to fall into disuse. These new tribunals speedily became so popular that parliament, from the year 1845, has on various occasions increased their jurisdiction both as to amount, and also by adding additional powers. For example, little more than two years ago, every county court was converted into a court of bankruptcy in cases where the amount of debts did not exceed £300, and thus a great boon has been conferred upon small tradesmen, who have been spared the needless expense of travelling up to London or to the district court to prove a debt or to oppose a dishonest debtor. On various occasions it has been proposed to confer upon the county courts a small equitable jurisdiction, to relieve persons residing at a distance in the country from the expense and trouble of having trifling questions determined by so dignified a tribunal as the High Court of Chancery.

The Court.

On Saturday afternoon her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by her royal highnesses the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and attended by Colonel Sir T. M. Biddulph (the master of the royal household), Colonel the Hon. Sir C. B. Phipps, Lady Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, Dr. Holmann, &c., arrived at Windsor shortly after one o'clock, in order to visit the Princess of Wales at Frogmore. The royal party left Osborne House, at about ten minutes to ten o'clock a.m., and embarked at Cowes in the Fairy, Commander Prince Lelington, about ten o'clock, whence her Majesty, the princesses, and suite, crossed to the Royal Clarence Victualing-yard, Gosport, which they reached at eleven o'clock. The royal party immediately disembarked and entered the special train, which arrived at Windsor at 1.18. At Windsor the platform on each side of the Queen's waiting-room was thronged with spectators, among whom were a number of ladies, while from the edge of the platform crimson ropes were stretched, so as to preserve a clear passage for the royal family from the train to the exterior of the station, where three of the royal carriages were waiting. At one o'clock his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at the terminus, having, attended by Capt. G. H. Grey, the equestrian in waiting driven over from Frogmore House, in order to receive his royal mother and sisters on their arrival, which took place a few minutes afterwards. The royal party at once, on leaving the train, entered the carriages outside the station, and drove off, amid the salutations of the bystanders—which were graciously acknowledged by the Queen and the Prince—through the town to Frogmore House, where they arrived at twenty minutes past one p.m. Her Majesty remained with the Princess of Wales during the afternoon, and returned to the castle in the evening.

The Queen is still in mourning, and wears her widow's weeds, though the princesses are all out of mourning. It is thought that her Majesty will pay a short visit to Balmoral about the same time as last year; also that the Queen will proceed to Saxe-Coburg in the autumn.

Nothing has been positively arranged as to the time and locality of the christening of the son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, but we believe it will take place in St. George's Chapel, and that the precedent will be followed of the ceremony at the christening of the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., as far as compatible with modern customs.

There is a belief that her Majesty will hold the Court receptions herself, but nothing positive is known. How gratifying it would be to the public to see the Queen resume these duties need not be here stated, though, if it please her Majesty still to keep in retirement, the respectful and heartfelt sympathy for the Sovereign's grief will take precedence of any personal feeling.—*Court Journal*

ANOTHER DEATH OF A BALLET GIRL FROM FIRE.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, opened an inquiry at the London Hospital into the circumstances attending the death of Mary Ann Thorn (better known by her professional name of "Madame Marie Charles"), who died on Thursday night week from the effects of severe burns she received while in the fulfilment of her professional duties at the Pavilion Theatre on the night of the 6th instant, as represented in the illustration of page 521. The jury having been sworn, they proceeded to view the body of the unfortunate deceased, which appeared but slightly burnt, and that principally about the lower portion.

Upon returning to the inquest-room, the first witness called was Louisa Coghlan, Surrey-street, Strand, who said: My husband is an actor. The deceased was my sister, and was engaged as columbine at the Pavilion Theatre. She well knew her duties, having played as columbine upon many previous occasions. I have seen her since the accident, and she told me that she was leaning on a child, who was supposed to support her; she overbalanced herself, and in trying to recover herself, she made a "whole turn," and went over a row of lights at the back of the stage.

Charles Hoar, the stage carpenter at the theatre, said: The accident happened in the ballet scene of the pantomime. There were about thirty *dansesuses* on the stage at the time, who were all dressed in light dresses. Sixteen of the thirty were children, the youngest being about six years and the eldest about twelve years of age.

[A model of the stage was here produced, which showed that there were about twenty-four burners at the back of the stage, about six inches in height, with a slip of board about ten inches high in front, but no wirework over the lights.]

By the Coroner: This piece of raised board was about four feet from the lights. There was a second "ground rail" ten inches higher than the lights. The deceased, when the accident happened, was in the act of dancing. While so doing she went near the lights, and I called out to her "Get away; you will catch fire!" There was a child near her, but I did not see if she was leaning on the child or not. She was within reach of the child, who was standing on the right of her. I was behind the scenes, at the left-hand side of the deceased. I called to her to get away, but she took no notice of my caution. There was no one between us at the time, the others on the stage being all in advance of the deceased. She made no reply to me when I cautioned her, and I cannot say if she heard me. Directly after this the back part of her dress caught fire, and then there was a general rush upon the stage; some brought coats, one brought a railway rug, another brought a blanket, and the flames were soon extinguished. The blanket came from the first entrance on the stage. The blanket was wet.

By a juror: I have heard the deceased cautioned by others upon previous occasions.

By the Coroner: The deceased must of necessity have stepped over the "ground rail" to get sufficiently near to cause her clothes to ignite.

By Mr. John Campbell, the manager: I have heard Mr. Campbell at rehearsals warn the deceased and the other ladies not to go over the "ground rail."

Miss Kate Haynes: I am a *dansesuse*. When the deceased caught fire I was standing down by the foot lights, and about six yards in front of her. I did not actually see the deceased's dress catch fire. When the accident happened there was no dancing; we were forming a tableau. I saw the deceased at the back of the stage during that scene, and I should think the scene had been a quarter of an hour before the audience before the accident took place. It was nearly finished. I had been lying on the stage with my face to the audience, but at the moment the accident happened I was standing up, and just turning round to look at the back part of the stage, when I saw the deceased slightly stumble, and I suppose to pass that off she stooped and sprang upon her toes, and as she stooped her dress went right over the lights. She used to step over the "ground rail" nearly every night, although she was told by Mr. Campbell not to do so. I have upon more than one occasion heard the deceased say, when spoken to about stepping over the rail, that she was quite safe, and that she liked to get on the other side of the rail because she could form her picture better.

By the Coroner: I did not notice any child by the side of the deceased when the occurrence took place. I never noticed a child there upon any occasion. I would not swear there never was one there. The petticoats of the deceased caught fire as she stooped. I always considered that the ground rail was sufficiently high for the safety of the dancers. Her dress was on fire when I first saw it. I have not conversed with any other girls of the ballet since the occurrence, beyond remarking how shocking it was. Never saw the model produced till now.

By Mr. Campbell: I was lying on the stage at the time the accident happened. When deceased was supposed to lean on the child my face was to the audience.

By a juror: I did not see the child, because at the moment we had all made a "move."

By the Coroner: It is the stage effect and part of my duty to turn to look at the back of the stage. It was not by accident that I turned at the moment the deceased caught fire.

At this stage of the proceedings the Coroner said it would be impossible to conclude the inquiry at one sitting, as there were many witnesses to be examined, and it would moreover be essential for the jury to examine the stage, for the model produced did not sufficiently convey to them the precise position of the lights, the height of the ground rail, and so forth. He then inquired of Mr. Campbell if he had received any communication from the Lord Chamberlain referring to the necessary protection of the lights, and upon being answered in the affirmative, ordered him to produce it at the adjourned meeting.

The inquiry was then adjourned, and the jury at once proceeded to the Pavilion Theatre, where they spent a considerable time in examining the site of the accident.

A LARGE "CANARD" FROM THE NORTH.—A tale of a murder, perpetrated in a mysterious manner, and of the discovery of the murderers by scientific means, is now the common talk of the inhabitants of the Russian capital. In the so-called old city, on the right shore of the Neva, behind the fortress, is a small house which enjoys the reputation of having once been the residence of Peter the Great. One of the few rooms in the house is stated to have been used as a sleeping chamber by the celebrated monarch, and this apartment is now visited with feelings of veneration and awe by many thousands of Russians. Although the room is not in reality a chapel, a priest is attached to it, and it is richly adorned with gold and precious stones, on which account two soldiers are constantly on duty there. A few evenings since, after the priest had withdrawn to his dwelling, situated on the opposite side of the street, he was summoned to return to the chapel, as two men required his services. The good man soon repaired to the little chamber and afterwards returned to his house. On the following morning the two soldiers on guard were found murdered at their posts, and the almsbox, which contained 400 roubles, had disappeared from its accustomed place, while the costly articles with which the room was so plentifully adorned were found undisturbed. It was suggested that the eyes of the murdered soldiers should be immediately photographed, in the hope of successfully testing the discovery recently made in England, when to the surprise of all, the result was the production of the portraits of two soldiers of the private guard at the palace, on whose breasts were the insignia of the Cross of St. George. The murderers were at once sought out and apprehended.

YARMOUTH BEACH DURING THE HERRING SEASON.

There is not in all England a more interesting, bustling, and picturesque spot than Yarmouth Beach during the mackerel or herring season. The roads crowded with ships, luggers, smacks, and craft of every description; the clean, white, sandy beach covered with busy fishermen, sailors, salesmen, and idle lookers on; the small boats continually passing to and fro between the vessels in the roads and the shore, with full cargoes of bright, shining, pearly fresh fish, which are immediately carried off by innumerable horses, waggons, and quaint little carts, of peculiarly ancient form; the piers and jetties crowded with gaily-dressed visitors; the esplanade facing the sea thronged with carriages; the flags and signals waving from the tops of the pilots' lookouts; and the general medley of herrings, ladies, fishermen, children, fishmongers, and salesmen, Norfolk parsons, Coast-guardsmen, and North Sea pilots,—all combine to make a picture, at once highly amusing to the casual visitor, picturesque to the artist, and exceedingly interesting to the man of business, as exhibiting the manner in which an important department of British commerce is carried on.

We often hear people say they have done Ramsgate, Hastings, and the South Coast generally, so often that they are tired of it. We recommend such people to try the shore of the North Sea; they will find plenty of pleasant spots upon it, without going so low down as Scarborough, and Yarmouth is one of them.

The fishery, and the business connected with it, is one of the principal portions of the trade of Yarmouth. About 200 large, and numerous small, luggers belong to this place, besides several large smacks, that make long voyages to Iceland.

Each lugger requires from eight to ten hands to man it when at sea, while a larger number of persons are constantly employed at home in making nets and other fishing gear—the nets used in taking mackerel and herrings being generally over a mile in length. The luggers are usually owned by tradesmen and residents in Yarmouth and Gorleston, who let them out, with nets, gear, and stores of every description. The captain and mate often share with the owner, but the crews receive so much per "last" on what they catch, without any reference to the price the herrings fetch when landed. Immediately the fish are taken from the sea, they are placed in salt and carried to the shore as quickly as possible. On their arrival there, they are either sold by auction on the beach (as represented in our illustration), or carried to the premises of the owner to be dried. The drying-house is variously constructed and of any dimensions, but must have a paved floor and efficient ventilation.

Herrings that have been salted at sea must be washed before they are dried, which injures them very much. The best description of fish are those that are brought ashore immediately after taking.

The fish are hung in the drying-house upon shelves, each fish supported, separately, on what are called "loves;" a fire is then lighted on the floor of the building, and the smoke allowed to ascend amongst them; the fuel is wood, oak being the best.

The fish are subjected to the smoke during twenty-four hours. The building is then thoroughly ventilated, which being done, the fire is again lighted, and they are again subjected to the same process for twelve hours.

When the fish is of fine quality, and cured in this way, it will keep for twelve months, but the demand for bloaters is now so great throughout all parts of England, and especially in the metropolis, that the herrings are frequently sent to London twelve hours after they reach the shore.

The fish most liked in London are those that have been least time in the drying-house, and it is now the common practice to smoke them only ten or twelve hours; of course the fish cannot be expected to keep more than a few days under such circumstances.

To bring the fish fresh to market, of course, the vessels must not shoot their nets far from the land; consequently a smaller description of lugger is used, called a half-and-half boat. The nets are shot over-night, and hauled in at daylight; the vessel then immediately makes for the land, and the fish are sold on the beach, and then carried inland by railway. Not only at Yarmouth is this practice carried on, but at every fishing station on the coast. As soon as the herring makes its appearance, innumerable small craft, of every description and size, proceed to capture it; sometimes it appears in such quantities that it becomes of little value, and is sold as manure: this is more particularly the case in the spring and early part of the summer, when the fish are not in a fit state to be cured.

DEPOSITION OF BISHOP COLENSO.

By the arrival of the Cape mail at Plymouth, we learn that Bishop Colenso's trial was concluded on the 16th of December. The presenting clergy accused Bishop Colenso of heresy on nine counts. The suffragan bishops found him guilty on all the nine. The metropolitan agreed in that opinion, and sentenced Bishop Colenso to be deprived of his see and all his rights of office therein. The defendant not being present to hear the judgment pronounced against him, the metropolitan gave him until the 4th of March next to file in London a full, unconditional, and absolute retraction in writing of all the heretical extracts referred to in the counts, or otherwise, to the 16th of April next, to file a like retraction in Cape Town. On Bishop Colenso so complying the sentence becomes null and void. Dr. Black protested against the proceedings and the validity of the judgment, and gave notice of appeal.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ELY.

LORD PALMERSTON has offered, in the name of the Crown, the vacant bishopric of Ely to the Rev. Edward Harold Browne, B.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, Canon of Exeter, Principal of the Theological College at Exeter, and chaplain to the bishop. Mr. Browne has accepted the high office. Professor Browne, who is about fifty years of age, is the brother of Colonel Thomas Gore Browne, O.B., lately Governor of New Zealand, whose recent acts in that colony have been so much canvassed by politicians, and warmly defended in the press by the professor against Colonel Hadfield, brother of the leader of the peace party, Archdeacon Hadfield. He was educated at Eton College and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He "went out," as twenty-fourth wrangler and third classman in classics, in 1832, and was elected fellow of his college. In 1833 he obtained the Crosse Divinity scholarship, in 1834 Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholarship, and in 1835 the Norrisian Divinity prize. He held for a few years the vicarage of Kenwyn and Kea, in Cornwall, in succession to the late Mr. Cornish; has been for many years chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter, and, since 1858, has been canon residentiary of Exeter Cathedral. In 1857, 1860, and 1862 he was one of the examiners in the theological school at Cambridge. For some time previously he was Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter.

In 1854 he was appointed Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and in 1863 he succeeded the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol as Principal of the Theological College at Exeter.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN.—At a public meeting held in Aberdeen on Thursday it was resolved to erect a statue of her Majesty in that city. A committee was appointed to carry out the object, and it was agreed that with the view of encouraging native talent the statue should be intrusted to Mr. R. Brodie. —*Scotsman*.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLOOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospects free on application at No. 135, Regent-street. —*Advertisement*.

A SCENE IN A NUNNERY.

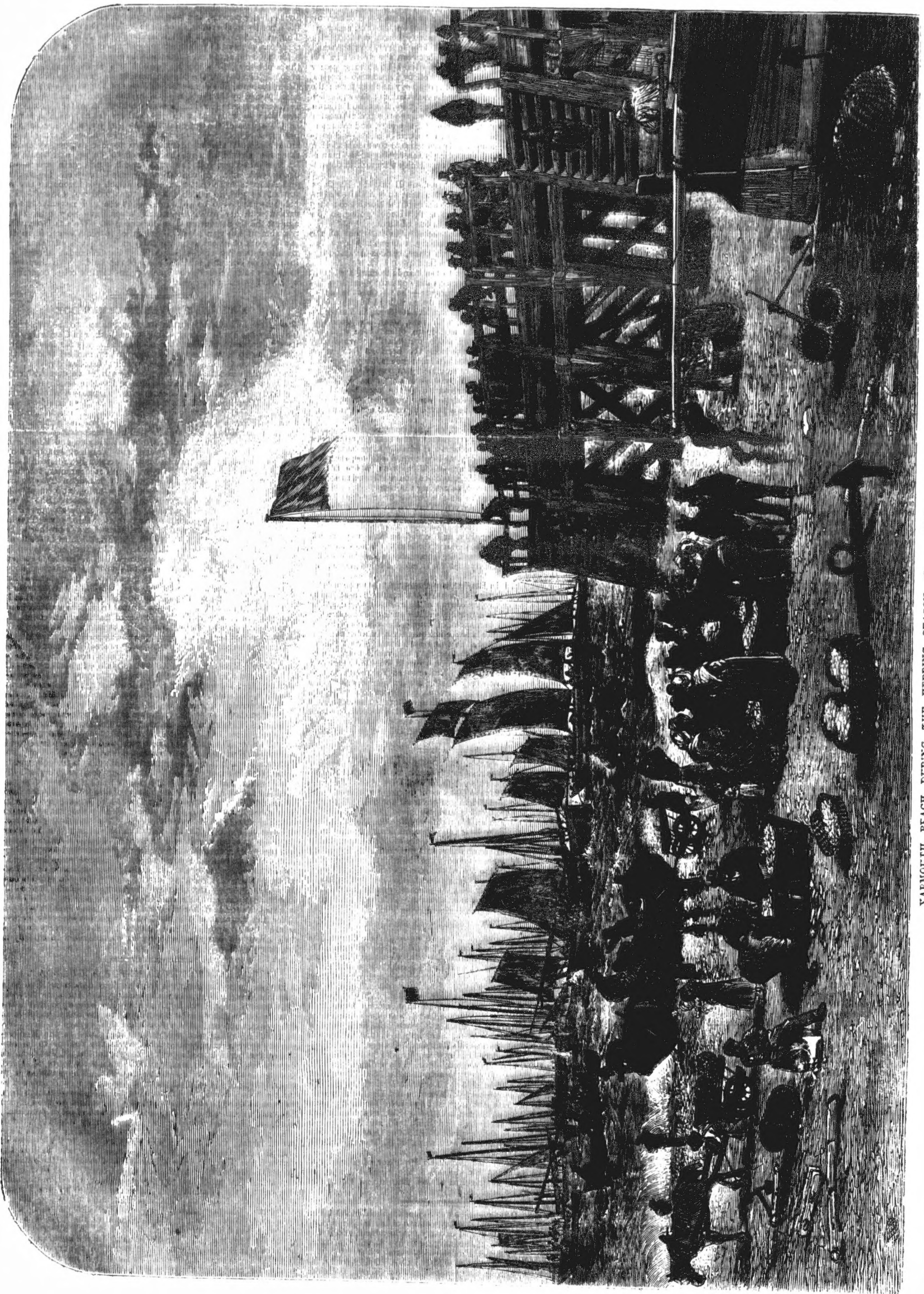
A Jewess, of Lemberg, sixteen years old, disappeared from the house of her parents, and was said to have voluntarily repaired to the nunnery in the town, in order to embrace the Catholic religion. The girl, of course, is still a minor. The Jewish community, therefore, protested against this step of the child, and the parents before all demanded that she should be restored to their care. But the archbishop, to whom application was made, remained inexorable. The day for the baptism was fixed. The day before, the sisters, parents, and some other relatives of the supposed inquirer, accompanied by the rabbi, repaired to the nunnery and demanded an interview with her. This was granted, in so far that she was permitted to converse with the visitors from behind a lattice. In the course of the conversation the girl extended her hand to her relatives through the lattice. The latter having heard from her that she wished to return to her parents, demanded that she should at once be allowed to do so, and would not let her hand go, lest the nuns should again gain the ascendancy over her. A contest now ensued between the visitors and the nuns, as the latter wished to attach conditions to the return of the girl, to which the parents would not consent. The police had at last to be called in. But the girl nevertheless returned [with her parents]. Judicial steps have now been taken against the Jews concerned in this contest. We shall see what punishment Austrian laws will inflict on parents engaged in the lawful work of rescuing their child from the hands of those who wish to detain her against her will. The Concordat, though allowed to lie dormant, is still the law of the land. Will they have to expiate in the cells of the Spielberg the terrible crime committed by them? —*Jewish Chronicle*.

A VIOLENT LOVER IN CAMBRIDGE.

A CASE somewhat analogous in its circumstances to the memorable Townley one has been progressing for some time in Cambridge and its vicinity, and was brought to a climax, happily far less terrible than Townley's, on Monday. It should be premised that all the parties interested are highly respectable. Charles Traylen, the offender, aged about twenty-four, is the son of an opulent farmer and brewer at West Wickham, in Cambridgeshire, occupying under the Earl of Hardwicke. His threatened victim is a lady of great personal attractions, and his cousin. Her name is Harriet Leeds, and her general residence is with her brother at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire. For a long period Charles Traylen has professed an affection for Miss Leeds, an affection not reciprocated or encouraged. It would seem that in June last Traylen and Miss Leeds met at the house of a mutual friend, and Traylen, seizing an opportunity when he met Miss Leeds alone, urgently pressed his suit. She having a knowledge of Traylen's violent character, informed him that she never intended to marry, whereupon Traylen put his hand in his pocket as if to draw a knife, and threatened to murder her if she did not accept his advances. She being, according to her own statement, terrified, made an appearance of assent, and since then, as the relationship gave Traylen the privilege of *entre* at the house of Miss Leeds's brother at St. Ives, he has been most persistent in his suit, till Miss Leeds wrote to him firmly declining his attentions. Nothing further occurred till Saturday last, when Miss Leeds accompanied to Cambridge a gentleman with whom she was staying on a visit at Impington, about three miles from Cambridge. This gentleman (Mr. Batterson) had driven Miss Leeds to Cambridge, and then left her, in order to attend to his commercial pursuits, on the understanding that he would call for her at the house of a mutual friend, where Miss Leeds was going to take tea. In the course of Saturday afternoon, Mr. Traylen met Miss Leeds in Cambridge, got into conversation with her, ascertained that she was going to the neighbourhood of Castle-end (or Huntingdon-road) turnpike, and pressed his company upon her thither. He renewed his suit, and was again rejected, whereupon he told Miss Leeds (he being in a state of great excitement) that if he could not have her "he would swing for her; he would have her life; he would walk the gallows for her!" So they parted for a time, but shortly after tea had been partaken of Mr. Traylen again presented himself at the house, and was admitted. In twenty minutes or so Mr. Batterson arrived, and at once removed Miss Leeds in his gig to Impington. Mr. Traylen remained behind for some time, but between nine and ten o'clock presented himself at Mr. Batterson's, at Impington, and being admitted to the presence of Miss Leeds, again became violent and excited, and Mr. Batterson, as a measure of precaution, called in a neighbour, Mr. Porter, of Histon. Mr. Batterson, thinking from Mr. Traylen's demonstrations, that he had a pistol, threw himself between Traylen and Miss Leeds, and secured the retreat of the latter. Messrs. Batterson and Porter persuaded Mr. Traylen to accompany them to Cambridge, and left him safely lodged, as they thought, at a house in Bridge-street (the Bell and Crown). This was between eleven and twelve o'clock. To Mr. Batterson's great surprise, however, Mr. Traylen again presented himself at his house on Sunday morning, renewed his threats, and said that he would not leave the place alive. "That he would do some mischief, too, before he went." Mr. Batterson, seriously alarmed, called in the assistance of Police-constable Cain, of the county force, and gave Traylen into his custody. On Monday morning he was brought before Thomas J. Fiolkin, Esq. (surgeon), and magistrate for the county. Miss Leeds said that she felt that her life was not safe unless Traylen was put under the restraint of the law; and after other evidence he was ordered to find sureties, himself in £400, and two others in £200 each. Bail not being forthcoming he was removed in custody to the county gaol.

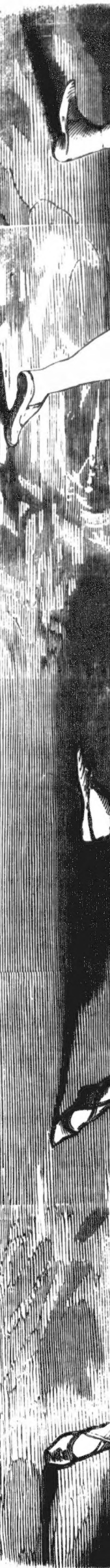
A REMARKABLE VOYAGE FOR A GUNBOAT.

A LETTER from Toulon gives some curious details relative to a scientific voyage about to be undertaken by the Duke de Luynes. Lieutenant Vigne, of the Imperial navy, has been appointed to the command of a steam gunboat belonging to the duke, which is to sail towards the end of the month on this voyage of discovery. After having visited the most interesting places in the Mediterranean, and particularly the coast of Syria, the boat is to be carried on the backs of mules across the mountains of Judea to be launched on the Dead Sea, of which the waters are to be analysed, as chemists are not agreed as to their quality. The gunboat is to be again carried to the Mediterranean, whence it will proceed to the Black Sea, ascend the Don, cross the Steppes of Dolgo in a waggon to reach the Volga, which it will descend to the Caspian Sea, that immense conglomeration of water and of oil of petroleum, continually agitated with storms. After having carefully studied these phenomena, as well as the various inhabitants of that little known region, the travellers will cross on camels the deserts of Asia Minor to the town of Mossoul, where they will explore the course of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and examine the ruins of the great cities which flourished on their banks. After having accomplished that prodigious journey across seas, rivers, mountains, and deserts, the gunboat will return to France by the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. All the difficulties attending such a dangerous journey have been well considered and carefully anticipated. Even the construction of the boat is a *chef d'œuvre* of naval architecture and of comfort. All the pieces into which the boat is divided when taken asunder are accurately numbered so that it may easily be put together in twenty-four hours. It will be for the first time that a steamboat shall have been carried across the precipices of Daghestan and the scorching sands of Mesopotamia. A picked crew have been placed under the command of Lieutenant Vigne by the French Government for the navigation and transport of the gunboat.



YARMOUTH BEACH DURING THE HERRING SEASON. (See page 519.)

BURNING OF THE COLUMBINE AT THE PAVILION THEATRE. (See page 519)



YARMOUTH BEACH DURING THE HERRING SEASON. (See page 519.)

DINING OF THE COLTUNINE AT THE PAVILION THEATRE. (See page 519)



Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The production of M. Gounod's "Faust," in English, and represented solely by English artists, has resulted in a far greater success than was anticipated, although two of the principal singers—Mr. Sims Reeves as Faust, and Mr. Santley as Valentine—had already won on the Italian stage the highest honours. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, as Marguerite, may almost be said to have scarcely completed her dramatic novitiate; but, from that lady, with her charming voice and brilliant style, a more than average performance was looked forward to with considerable interest. The band and chorus were those of the regular Italian Opera, and Signor Arditi was the conductor; but the chorus never sang so well on any former occasion, while the band, under the direction of their indefatigable chief, was as admirable as ever. The only drawback to the performance of "Faust" in English is the unskillful manner in which the words have been translated. Mr. Chorley, the translator, may be considered as proficient in the work entrusted to him; but, on Saturday night, the readers of the printed books must have been astonished at hearing entirely different lines sung on the stage to what they were perusing. In Mr. Sims Reeves's case, indeed, the verses did not correspond at all; and we must acknowledge that the music was seriously benefited by the alteration. No doubt the difficulty is great of translating a French libretto into English and adapting it to music; but that it could be done better than it has been done is abundantly proved by the new text which the singers have made or have had made for themselves. The full cast of the English "Faust" is as follows:—Marguerite, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; Siebel, Mlle. Florence Lancia; Martha, Madame Tacconi; Faust, Mr. Sims Reeves; Valentine, Mr. Santley; Mephistopheles, Signor Marchesi; and Wagner, Mr. Dusek; and we doubt if the French stage could have produced a better. It would be simply a platitude to say that no French tenor could sing the music of Faust like Mr. Reeves; but assuredly they have no baritone who could bear comparison with Mr. Santley, not even their vaunted M. Faure, who has neither the Englishman's voice nor his vocal art. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington may fairly be paralleled with Madame Miolan-Carvalho; and we think that with the same experience in the part of Marguerite, she might in time even surpass the original. Mlle. Florence Lancia must not be judged by her performance of Saturday night, as she played the part of Siebel for the first time, and for the first time, too, put on male attire. But even under such depressing circumstances Mlle. Lancia was received with great favour, and made one of the decided hits of the evening in Siebel's first song, the popular "Parlatale d'amore," which was loudly encored. It is strange, but no less true, that Mr. Sims Reeves sings "Faust" better in English than in Italian. It would be absurd to suppose that Mr. Reeves felt trammelled by a language which he speaks and understands like a native. The fact, however, must be chronicled, and the performance of Saturday night was pronounced by everybody to be better both in the acting and the singing than any of his Italian performances. We must admit, however, that Mr. Sims Reeves was in his very finest voice; and his singing, in consequence, was nothing short of perfection. However we may regret that the English version of "Faust" does not come up to the high expectations we had formed, it is fortunate that the success of the work depends more upon the ability of the singers and the completeness of the *mise-en-scene* than upon the rendering of the text. In very many respects the performance of Saturday night was the very best which has yet been heard in this country. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's impersonation of Goethe's fascinating heroine was in almost every respect unexceptionable. Her rendering of the "König im Phile" song was most original; and the brilliant "air des bijoux" was sung to absolute perfection. In the last scene of all, when the powers of good and evil are battling for the poor girl's soul, the bright crispness of Madame Lemmens's voice told through the large house with great effect. Mr. Santley introduced into the Kermesse scene a new air, written expressly for him by M. Gounod, which met with a rapturous encore. Mr. Santley sang it superbly, and the encore was richly merited. Signor Marchesi, as Mephistopheles, sings the music extremely well, and his voice tells powerfully in the concerted pieces. We have only to add that the house was crowded in every part, and that the success of the opera was triumphant throughout.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Marriott, in continuance of the zeal which has hitherto characterized this lady's managerial career at this establishment, has this week re-produced "The Duchess of Malfi," with great and successful scenic effect. Nor is the cast by any means deficient. The manageress herself, as the Duchess, has given one of the finest and most touching impersonations of that character that has been witnessed for years. She has been ably supported by Messrs. D. H. Jones, Gresham, and Phelps. The beautiful pantomime of "The Prince of the Peaceful Islands," still continues its triumphant career.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The equestrian performances here still continue to draw crowded assemblages. The vastness of the hall, the extent of the room for the varied displays of horsemanship have certainly never before been equalled in any building in the metropolis; and with the talented artists engaged, not omitting Crockett, the lion king, the hall must continue to be attractive for some time to come.

REVIEWS.

ON THE RANK; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A CARMAN. London: J. A. Berg-r.—We must acknowledge we took up this coloured shilling volume with the idea of finding a considerable amount of trash in it, more particularly on glancing at the gaudy yet not very attractive wrapper. We were agreeably disappointed. The majority of the tales are vividly written, in plain but forcible language;—some of them bordering on the sensational, it is true; yet, withal, each one will be read with interest.

YOUNG ENGLAND. London: W. Tweedie.—The number before us for January is more than usually interesting. The history of Sir Richard Whittington comes very *opropos* at this season.

PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH PORTS. London: W. Tweedie.—This new candidate for public favour opens with the works of Cowper; and although neatly printed on very good paper, we imagine that in this age of cheap literature something more will be expected, even for a penny, than the sixteen small pages before us.

THREE HUNDRED ATLANTIC VOYAGES.—Captain Edward G. Lott, of the steamer *Persia*, of the Cunard line, was honoured with a complimentary entertainment on Monday evening at Delmonico's Fifth Avenue-house, previous to his commencing his 300th passage across the ocean. A brilliant party was present, many of whom were prominent citizens who had crossed the ocean in company with Captain Lott. Mr. Henry A. Smythe presided over the festivities. Eloquent speeches were made after the removal of the cloth. Captain Lott responded happily to the first toast, "The Guest of the Evening." Samuel D. Biscock replied to "Union, in which there is peace and prosperity." The Rev. Dr. Prime and A. A. Low responded to "Religion and Commerce; may they travel hand in hand throughout the world." Ex-Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts, responded in gallant and delicate terms to "The Ladies," and Mr. Henry A. Smythe made some eloquent and finished remarks for "Absent Friends." A beautiful silver testimonial was presented to Captain Lott, the chairman making the presentation speech in very felicitous language.—*New York World*, Jan. 13.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—5 to 1 agst Count F. Lagrange's *Fille de l'Air* (t and off); 5 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's *Paris* (off); 6 to 1 agst Captain John White's *Ombuscan* (off).

THE CHESTER CUP.—25 to 1 agst Mr. Drewitt's *Blackdown* (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Greville's *Anfield* (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Perry's *Carisbrook* (t); 33 to 1 agst Duke of St. Alban's *Tippler* (t); 35 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's *Mail Train* (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Hargreaves' *Marigold* (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. J. Day's *Canary* (t); 50 to 1 agst Captain King's *Gardener* (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's *Tattoo* (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's *Lord Zetland* (t); 50 to 1 agst Sir J. Hawley's *Washington* (t); 700 to 200 agst W. Day's and J. Day's lots coupled.

THE DERBY.—11 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's *Scottish Chief* (t and off); 100 to 8 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's *Paris* (t and off); 100 to 6 agst Mr. Naylor's *Coastguard* (t); 18 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's *Forager* (t and off); 22 to 1 agst Sir F. Johnston's *Historian* (t); 28 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's *Claremont* (t); 28 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's *Birch Broom* (t and off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's *Idler* (t and off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's *Apennine* (t and off); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Bryan's *Orse Marine* (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. J. Day's *Count* (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. Crawford's *Salomack* (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. Bowes's *War Dance* (t).

CHESTER CUP.—Dr. Syntax was struck out on Monday afternoon at 3.30 p.m.

SINGULAR SCENE IN A THEATRE.

THE BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE of Monday has an account of an extraordinary scene which was witnessed at the Adelphi Theatre in that town on Saturday night. It seems that, during the pantomime, the "supernumeraries" struck work and the Clown explained to the audience that none of them had been paid their wages. At last it came to a scene in which the Clown has to jump from a spring-board through a trap-door. The Clown went to the side wings, and appealing to some one there, with outstretched hands, said, "I cannot break my neck! There's no one on the other side!" As may be supposed, the bleats, groans, whistling, and noises that ensued were almost deafening. After a time, Mr. Grattan, the manager, came forward in front of the footlights, and entered into a statement to the effect that the great expenses of the pantomime did not allow him to pay all his debts. The Clown denied many of Mr. Grattan's statements, and made various charges against that gentleman. At last the performance went on, the Clown, Pantaloon, and Sprites doing their tricks as far as possible without the aid of supernumeraries. The only persons belonging to that fraternity who appeared on the stage was a solitary man dressed up as a policeman, and one young girl, and they, in the orthodox style, were beaten and kissed by the Clown. Still the greatest confusion and noise reigned amongst the "gods," and the respectable people in the stalls and pit had nearly all left the house. Sundry fights took place in the gallery, and pieces of the seats were thrown into the stalls. The Columbine, Clown, Pantaloon, and Sprites still appeared on the stage, and the band played music, not a note of which could be heard. The fights were ultimately quelled by two policemen stationed in the gallery, and the "gods" having tired themselves, a little order was restored. One of the Sprites then came forward, and saying, "This is for the rest of the company," went through a clever gymnastic performance, which called forth hearty applause. Some one then shouted from the gallery to the sprite, "Got any money, Fred?"

Sprite: No.

A Voice: Got any money, Clown?

Clown: No.

Pantaloon: I have 10s.; that's all.

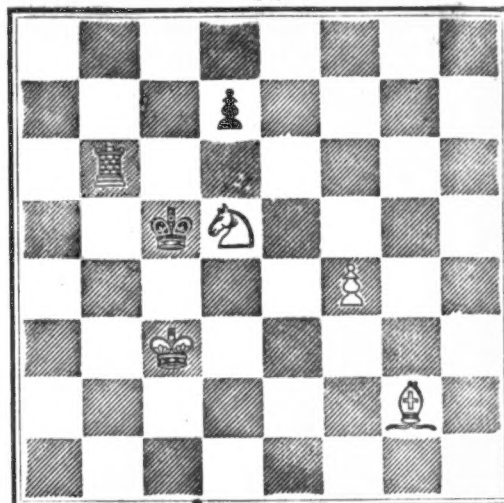
The Sprite then held out a shilling, saying, "That's all."

One of the gentlemen, who had remained in the stalls, then threw a shilling upon the stage, which the sprite picked up. The shilling was followed by several others and by a shower of coppers, amongst which were sundry farthings from the "gods," some of which fell upon the stage, others in the orchestra, striking the musicians, who had remained at their posts during the whole disturbance. Several of the supernumeraries then rushed on the stage, and a regular scramble, to the great delight of the "gods," took place for the money. However, the "gods" insisted upon its being handed over to the Sprite, who, amidst overwhelming applause, bowed his acknowledgments. The curtain then rose upon "The Fairy Realm." Such a scene—a piece of scenery in one place, another in another, and a regular mass of confusion. A few "fairies" stood in the background; some were in their places, others stood laughing. Frameworks of iron where fairies should have stood were empty, and amidst a flickering ray or two of blue and red-coloured fire the curtain fell upon a scene of confusion such as we have never before witnessed upon a stage. The lights were then lowered, and the noises and groans in the gallery amongst the "gods" were greater than ever. The writer was glad to beat a hasty retreat, and to find himself safe in the street, where there was a crowd of persons—men, women, and boys—surrounding the entrance to the stage-door, some of them swearing that they would not go until they had got their money. Their language was loud as to what they would do if they did not have their money. The "performance" was not concluded until a little before Sunday morning, and when the writer left the spot the noisy "amusement" seemed to be at its height.

DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN CUMBERLAND.—On Friday last an inquest was held by Mr. Carrick, coroner for the eastern division of the county of Cumberland, on the body of a young farmer, named William Brown, who had shot himself dead on the preceding day. Deceased lived at the village of Oughterby, seven or eight miles west of Carlisle. Some months ago he married a Miss Hodgson, daughter of a neighbouring farmer. They appear to have lived together in great happiness, and to have been a very loving couple. About three weeks ago the young wife was confined of a boy, which circumstance was destined to be the end of a happy married life. The mother died on Wednesday last, and the bereavement seems to have made her widowed partner frantic with grief. On Thursday he went to his mother's house and got a gun. Nothing more was seen of him till five o'clock, when a neighbour found his dead body on the road. It was lying face upmost, and the clothes covering the chest were on fire. A gun was resting on his body, the muzzle pointing towards his face. On end of a string was tied to the trigger, and at the other was a loop a few inches in length, by means of which he had discharged the gun with his foot. In his pocket were found a powder-flask and shot, together with a copy-book, containing the following pathetic lines, written in a trembling hand:—"I hope that the Lord will forgive me. Without my Maggie I cannot be. You need (not) mourn me, because I must go. You will all look after our darling boy. The little sum that would fall to my darling wife and me will make him comfortable some time after. My wish is that we may be laid in one grave. This is the end of eight or nine years' courtship! Now the shot must pierce my heart. Oh happy shall we be!" On another leaf were the words:—"The old dogATTLE met me!" at the Croftfoot, Kirkhampton. Put me with love Maggie on Saturday!" The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity." The body was buried on Saturday, along with that of his wife.—*Leeds Mercury*.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 157.—By W. HINCHLIFFE.
White.



Black.
White to move, and mate in four moves.

Interesting game between Messrs. Kempe and Prentice.
[PATROFF'S DEFENCE.]

- | Black.
Mr. Kempe. | White.
Mr. Prentice |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to K B 3 |
| 3. Kt takes P | 3. B to Q B 3 |
| 4. Kt to Q B 3 | 4. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 5. Kt takes Kt | 5. Q P takes Kt |
| 6. P to K B 3 (a) | 6. Castles |
| 7. P to Q 3 | 7. P to K B 3 |
| 8. B to K B 4 | 8. Kt to K R 4 |
| 9. Q to Q 2 | 9. P to K B 4 |
| 10. Castles (b) | 10. P takes P |
| 11. Q P takes P | 11. Q to K 2 |
| 12. B to Q B 4 (ch) | 12. B to K 3 |
| 13. B takes B (ch) | 13. Q takes B |
| 14. B takes Q B P | 14. B to Q Kt 5 |
| 15. P to Q R 3 | 15. B to K 2 |
| 16. P to K Kt 4 (c) | 16. B to K Kt 4 |
| 17. P to K square | 17. Kt takes P |
| 18. Q to Q 6 (d) | 18. Q to Q B 5 |
| 19. K to Kt square | 19. P to Q Kt 4 |
| 20. P to K R 4 | 20. B to Q square (e) |
| 21. P to K Kt 5 | 21. B takes B |
| 22. Q takes B | 22. Kt to K 3 (f) |
| 23. Q to K Kt 3 | 23. P to K R 4 |
| 24. Q to K Kt 5 (g) | 24. P to Q Kt 5 (h) |
| 25. P takes P | 25. Q takes P |
| 26. Kt to R 2 | 26. Q to K 2 |
| 27. Q to K 2 | 27. P to K Kt 3 |
| 28. Q to Q B 4 | 28. P to Q B 4 |
| 29. P to K 5 | 29. R to B 4 |
| 30. Q to K 4 | 30. Q R to Q Kt square |
| 31. Q R to K B square | 31. Q R to K B square |
| 32. R takes R | 32. R takes R |
| 33. Kt to Q B 3 | 33. Kt to Q 5 (i) |
| 34. Q to Q 5 (ch) | 34. Kt to K 2 |
| 35. R to K square | 35. Kt to K B 6 |
| 36. R to K 3 | 36. Kt takes R P (k) |
| 37. Q to Q 6 (l) | 37. Q takes Kt P |
| 38. Kt to Q 5 | 38. R checks |
| 39. K to R 2 | 39. K to K 8 |
| 40. P to K 6 (m) | 40. K to R 3 |
| 41. P to K 7 | 41. P to Q B 5 (n) |
| 42. Q to B 4 (ch) (o) | 42. R takes Q |
| 43. P queens | 43. R to B 4 (p) |
| 44. Q to R 8 (ch) | 44. K to K 4 |
| 45. Q to Q 8 (ch) | 45. K to R 9 |
| 46. R to K 8 (q) | 46. R to B 2 (r) |

And Black mates in three moves.

- (a) Mr. Boden gives this as best.
(b) Perhaps the safest reply.
(c) Hastily played; he should have moved K to Kt square.
(d) A forcible response, which relieves black from the threatened danger; for, suppose—
18. Q takes Q
19. Kt to Q 6 (dble ch)
20. Kt to B 7
21. B takes R (ch), and with the passed Pawn Black's game is certainly superior.
(e) The best move.
(f) The attack and counter attack renders the game highly interesting. Both players contest with much spirit and ingenuity.
(g) The Queen is well posted here.
(h) The coup just.
(i) The game now becomes extremely difficult for both players.
(j) The capture of the two Pawns was not prudent. Much better to get rid of the troublesome K P.
(k) Well conceived.
(l) The Pawn is becoming dangerous indeed.
(m) A clever resource.
(n) Pretty and ingenious, but not in reality so strong as the simple move of K to K 3, which must have given Black an overwhelming advantage.
(o) The only move, apparently, to save the game is again to threaten mate by posting the R at B 8. Black could not, in that case, do more than draw.
(p) The coup de grace.
(q) Q to Q 5 would only delay the certain result.
[Forwarded by Mr. Rainger.]

GENERAL GRANT.—Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, the commander of the military division of the Mississippi, which embraces within its limits the departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee, with their corresponding armies, and includes all the country bounded by the Mississippi river on the west, the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina on the east, the lakes on the north, and all that these armies may conquer on the south, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822. He is, therefore, in his 42nd year. His ancestors were Scotch, which, doubtless, accounts for his pertinacity of character. His early youth was spent at his native place, and he obtained his education at a district school near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. He was not a bright youth, and was nicknamed by his mother "Useless" Grant, instead of Ulysses.—*New York Herald*.

POLICE COURTS
MANHATTAN-HOUSE

GUILDHALL.

ROBBERY OF £800 WORTH OF JEWELLERY.—EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Arthur Gladstone, alias James Wood, alias Gifford, who, on a former occasion, described himself as a professor of mathematics, and now as a clerk, was charged before Mr. Alderman Gabriel, with having unlawfully in his possession several pairs of gold earrings, which formed part of a quantity of jewellery, value £300, which was stolen from the London-bridge Railway Station in May last. This was rather a remarkable case, the whole of the circumstances being of a very peculiar nature. It appeared that in the early part of May last Mr. Solomon Reuben, a travelling jeweller, was about to start on one of his journeys from the railway station at London-bridge, for which purpose he applied at the booking-office for a ticket, leaving a portmanteau, containing his stock of jewellery, to the value of between £800 and £900 in another part of the office. When, however, he returned to look for his property the portmanteau was nowhere to be found. A few days after the mysterious disappearance of the jewellery, the prisoner, and a woman, who bore the name of Elizabeth Jamer, but, after being dismissed from the prisoner's wife, were taken into custody, for offering several pairs of gold earrings at the shop of Mr. Walter, a pawnbroker, of Aldersgate-street. It was shown that the woman endeavoured to pledge some of the earrings, and others were found in the possession of the prisoner, who accounted for them being there by stating that in the struggle that ensued upon the attempt to secure them the woman put them into his pocket. There being no owner at that time for the property, Alderman Humphrey (since dead) discharged them. They were soon afterwards apprehended again and taken before the magistrate at St. uharward, when, after several remands, Mr. Combe (also since dead) discharged them, but authorized the officer to restore the additional property, should it be obtained. On the 14th inst. the prisoner was brought up to give up to Mr. Keablen £40, discovered at the prisoner's lodgings, to be given up to Mr. Keablen. The City officers, however, were accordingly took the woman into custody for the earrings altogether, and she was committed from this court for trial. At the Central Criminal Court she sought to avail herself of the advantage of being the prisoner's wife and pleaded coverture, but it was shown that in marrying the prisoner she had committed bigamy, her first husband, a man of the name of Orann, being still alive, and upon conviction she was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The police then looked out for the prisoner, who continued to keep out of the way until a few days ago, when Sergeant White met him in a coffee-shop in the Blackfriars-road, and recognised him. It was then shown that the prisoner was seen with the woman in possession of a portmanteau, answering the description of the one lost, that he had been transported for seven years, and that, after a time of leave, but before the expiration of his term, he was again convicted, and ordered to be kept in the same attitude for four years, which expired in April last, so that he had not been out of prison many days before he was again taken into custody on the present charge. He cross-examined the witnesses with considerable adroitness, to show that they were mistaken in his identity, but failed to shake their testimony, and after a somewhat lengthy examination was fully committed for trial.

OUT FROM THE WORKHOUSE.—DANIEL Hearn, aged 18, was brought up on remand on a charge of highway robbery. At about half-past one on the morning of Tuesday, the 19th inst., the constable on duty in Broad-street, Bloomsbury, E. 15, heard a faint voice calling "Police!" He went to the spot, and found the prosecutor, an old man named Robert Henderson, lying on the ground and seven or eight young men stooping over him and beating him. On the approach of the constable they all ran away. The officer sprang his rattle and went in pursuit of one of the assailants, the prisoner, who in his haste ran into the arms of another policeman, who was hurrying to the spot in consequence of having heard the sound of the rattle, and who, of course, took him into custody. Several constables who arrived upon the scene about the same time, also in consequence of hearing the rattle, deposed to seeing the prisoner, among others, running away. The prosecutor, a dispirited looking old man, stated that he was on his way home, and had been ill-treated by some persons whom he could not identify. He had been robbed of about 6s. or 7s, but could not state the exact amount. The prisoner said the prosecutor was drunk, and therefore could not be trusted on the question of identity. Mr. Henry said the question of identity rested not on the evidence of the prosecutor, but on that of the assaulants. The prisoner said that the prosecutor could not be held liable to the amount of which he had been robbed. He had stated to the court that he was an inmate of the infirmary at the Strand Union Workhouse, and that he left that place in the morning with the sum of 4s. in his pocket. If that were true he could not have been robbed of 7s., or even of 6s. The prosecutor denied that he had ever made any such statement. It was true that he was an inmate of the infirmary at the Union Workhouse, and had only left on Monday morning. At that time he had a half sovereign in his possession. He was stated at finding himself at liberty, and he changed the half sovereign and got drunk. He was quite sure that he had more than 6s. left when he was attacked. The prisoner's brother here came forward and stated that the prisoner had hitherto borne a good character. The witness had employed him to draw a truck and to carry out coals. The prisoner said that his sister had sent him on an errand, and that as he happened to pass near the scene of the robbery he was stopped by the police and apprehended. The prisoner was committed for trial.

CONVICTION OF A MISTRESS FOR BRUTAL ASSAULTS ON HER SERVANT.—Mrs. Isabella Belle, the wife of a former bookbinder, residing at 321, Gray-street-road, King's-cross, was charged with the assault on Sarah Ann Williams, a girl between fourteen and fifteen years of age, lately employed by Mrs. Hall as her servant. The complainant, a neat, intelligent-looking girl, said that she now resided with her parents in Ulster-place, near the Elephant and Castle. She had lived with the defendant as her servant. On the night of the 13th of this month the defendant went out about ten o'clock, and left her in charge of the baby, which she had to nurse. The defendant re- turned at eleven o'clock, and was very angry with her because she had

ATTEMPTING TO DEFAUD A LICENSED VICTUALLER WITH A "DUFFING WATCH."—Edward Gores, a labourer, of Embsayton, was charged with having in his possession a watch of which he could not give a satisfactory account. He was taken into custody with attempting to defraud Mr. Robert Allan, the proprietor of the "Jolly Butchers' Tavern," Woodgreen. Mr. Bicketts, solicitor, of Frederick-street, Gray's-inn road, attended for the defence. From the evidence of Mr. Allan, it appeared that the prisoner came to the bar of his house, and after partaking of some refreshment he said, "I've got a good thing that will suit you. I've got a gold watch that I want to dispose of." He produced a watch that had appearance of being gold, and which seemed to be of a very valuable one. He said that Mr. Allan had asked him to sell it for £20, but that he thought it right to sell it to him cheap, and asked £2 10s. for it. Mr. Allan asked him how he got possession of the watch, and the prisoner said "it is all right—it came off the railway." He made a motion indicating that the watch had been stolen, and that motion having been used Mr. Allan declined to have anything to do with the watch, and the prisoner went away. Information was then given to the police, and Mr. Allan went with the officer and found the prisoner with another man in a public-house. The police asked him about the watch, and he at first denied that he had it, but he was taken upon oath, and then he admitted that he had offered him to sell it for £20, and he declined to give any further information about the watch, or how he became possessed of it, he was taken into custody. He then made a most desperate resistance, and fought and kicked; and it was not until the police had handcuffed him and bound him on a stretcher that he could be got to the police-station. Mr. D'Eyncourt having examined the watch, desired that it should be taken to a jeweller's to ascertain its value. The police did so, and on their return stated that the watch was worth about 15s., but the jeweller said he would not give it a watch; and soon on their return he said, "I don't know what he has done, but he was employed to sell the watch, and was not aware of its value. A witness was called, who produced the invoice for the watch, and which showed that it had been purchased in Houndsditch for 15s. He gave the prisoner the watch to sell. Police-constable Taylor said he knew the witness and the prisoner as the hawkers of "duffing jewellery." The prisoner complained that he had been maltreated, and was very severely bruised. Mr. D'Eyncourt discharged the prisoner, and said that what he had got he had brought upon himself. He had been locked up all night, and that was sufficient for the present. The conduct of Mr. Gores was very worthy of notice, and the condition of the watch had been a little more done by the prisoner, he would not have got away as he now did. The accused then left the dock, apparently pleased with the decision of the court.

apparently pleased with the outcome of the case.

AN ASTONISHING STORY OF THE LIFE OF A YOUNG WOMAN.—A strong powerful fellow with a morose looking countenance, about 18 years of age, who gave the name of John Thomas, and described himself as a coal-ormonger, residing at 15, Holywell lane, Shoreditch, was charged with being drunk and committing a violent assault on Miss Emma Clarke, at St. Luke's. The complainant, who gave her evidence with great propriety, said that she resided with her parents at 54, Featherstone-street, St. Luke's, and that her parents supported her as she took care of the younger children. On the previous night she was standing outside the house at which her eldest sister was employed speaking to her and her younger sister, when the defendant came up behind her, and without making any observation, lifted her clothes over her head, and attempted to put on a very indecent and improper say. She then her sisters screamed for assistance, and the defendant following her, making use of bad language and threats, and desiring her to stop. She paid no attention to his calls, but ran into the fore-court of a public house, and was in the act of concealing herself when the defendant caught hold of her, twisted her round, and struck her a heavy blow in the face, and blackened one of her eyes. The defendant at the time attempted to make his escape, but was prevented, and given into custody. She was not aware whether the defendant had been drinking or not, but when he was taken into custody he pretended to be drunk. The defendant, who seemed to treat the matter as a good joke, laughing and twisting his cap the whole of the time, said he did not wish to ask the witness any questions, as he was waiting for his right and quiet enough when some one touched him the cap, and he supposing it was her, might have struck her for a jerk, but he was really not sure whether he did so or not. He supposed it was pretty nearly all right what she had said. The magistrate inquired of the complainant if the prisoner had been touched by either her or her sisters in the manner he had described. The complainant answered in the negative. She was standing in front of her sisters and was not aware of his presence until she felt him touch her. She was confident that no one had touched the defendant, as there was no one near but her sisters and herself. The two sisters of the complainant gave confirmatory evidence, and said if the defendant was drunk he ran after their sister very well. They described the assault as one of a most cowardly character, and said that neither their sister nor themselves had spoken to the defendant.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER charged the case said that the defendant was drunk, but well known to his sisters, and that the complainant and her sisters were very respectable girls, and their parents were hard-working people. The defendant, in reply to the charge, said he was drunk, and, being first assaulted, did what he did in self-defence. The magistrate said that this was one of the worst cases that had ever come before him, for it was perfectly monstrous that a young girl could not be in the public streets without being insulted in the indecent and cowardly way that she had been by a low drunken ruffian like the defendant. Drukenness was no excuse, but made the case worse, for then the defendant was guilty of two offences instead of one, and if that were to be allowed there would be no end to the outrages that would be committed. He should mark his sense of defendant's conduct by sending him to the House of Correction for six months with hard labour, under the Agricultural Act. The prisoner (with apparent surprise) said he had no objection for such a little affair as this. The magistrate: Yes, and the only difficulty I have in my mind is whether I ought not to send you to the sessions for trial. Your conduct was perfectly monstrous. The prisoner, who seemed surprised at the decision, was then removed, remarking that it was "a hard lot to do for nothing."

A SINGULAR CASE—Two young men, both dumb men, named Thomas Chaplin and John Dearlove, were charged with having an agate desk seal in their possession without being able to give a satisfactory account of the same. William Bail, 194 D. said: Between five and six on Saturday evening I was called to the shop of Messrs. Baker and Morton, heraldic artists and engravers, at 4, Old Cavendish-street; where I saw the prisoner Chaplin, who had offered the seal for sale. Mr. Barker asked him where he got it from, and he said he found it in Long-acre. He afterwards said that it was given to him by Dearlove. As he prevailed on me to lock him up. I afterwards went to a lodging-house in Long-acre where Dearlove resided, but he was not there. Later at night I went to the house of Dearlove and said his landlady that I had a man in my shop who had been inquiring for him about a seal which he said he had picked up. Mr. Yardley: And then, sir, I asked, you locked him up? Constable: Yes, sir. Sergeant Harford, 25 D. informed his worship that both prisoners were deaf and dumb. Mr. Yardley: Both deaf and dumb? Well, this is one of the most atrocious cases that I ever heard. The way this constable has gone on is most irregular. Here have I been listening to all he has stated as if he had it vocally from the parties. Is there any one here from the shop who can tell me what transpired? Sergeant Harford: Mr. Morton is here, but he is also deaf and dumb. Mr. Yardley: Well, this constable (Bail) is about one of the most clever and wonderful persons I have ever known. He has lived his life, for he has given me a most correct account of every word of conversation that he has had with two deaf and dumb men. How can Dearlove been believed? Constable: No, your worship. Mr. Yardley: He goes voluntarily to the station and there gives what is not altogether an unsatisfactory account of his possession of the property. He ought to have been allowed bail. How can we get on without an interpreter? Sergeant Harford: The assistant to the firm is here, and he can interpret. The assistant was then sworn, and through him Mr. Morton said that Chaplin came into the shop and placing the seal in Mr. Baker's hand made signs that he wanted money for it, and as it was imagined that he had not come by it he hastily he was locked up.

ATTENTIVE ROBERT AND ANSAULT STARR, GREAT EASTERN PLATFORM.—Charlotte Baylis and Sarah Jones, well-dressed women, of thirty years of age, were charged with attempting to pick the pocket of a lady on the platform of the Great Eastern Railway terminus at Shoreditch; and Jones was further charged with an attempt at rescue and assaulting Superintendent Kent. It appeared that on the previous afternoon both prisoners were observed on the departure side of the platform, and being known to Cant, a constable, as the associates of thieves and skittle sharpeners, he watched their movements. When the train came out on a train starting increased, they repented, and Baylis went to the side of a woman manifestly endeavouring to cover her movements. Instantly after this was a constable, and Superintendent Kent, attached to the railway, was seen struggling with both the women, Jones having run to the assistance of her companion. Cant and Evelt, another constable, dragged the former away, but it required further aid to convey the prisoners to the station-house. Mr. Kent said that his attention had been drawn to the women, although strangers to him, by their very strange conduct from the moment they entered; and, being in a better position to see what was passing than the driver's witness, distinctly noticed Baylis insert her left hand in the right pocket of a pocket of a lady, and to do so, upon which he had started, and grasped the hand actually in the pocket, finding all her efforts to extricate it unavailing she beat him about the head with her other fist and kicked his legs repeatedly, and with violence; but Jones was far the worst in this respect, for in an instant she got one of his fingers in her mouth, and bit severely, hammering away at the back of his head at the same time. He, however, held them tenaciously until they were got away by the constable mentioned. Such a display of resolution to escape had seldom fallen under his notice on the part of women. (The witness's finger was lacerated, and his knuckle bruised.) The lady on whom the attempt at robbery was made was taken to prison, to prosecute, but she had informed him that not anything was in her pocket at the time. Mr. Evelt stated that he had been in the women's imprisonment, with hard labour; Jones to a further term of three weeks for the assault on the superintendent.

was admitted as agent on the superintendent's charge before Mr. Leigh, who examined Jew. Simon Israel, a young Jew, was charged before Mr. Leigh with insulting Leo Zucker. Complainant, a very gentlemanly person, both in dress and address, stated that the first was disgraced by a copious covering of flour, stated that he was a converted Jew and an independent minister, residing at Clement-villas, Englefield-road, South Hackney, and that while in Petticoat-lane the same morning he had conversation with a respectable English Jew, they were surrounded by a crowd of low fellows, who evidently believed that he was preaching or desired to do so, and, under that impression, reviled and blasphemed in a most awful manner. Witness assured them that although a converted Jew he had no intention of holding forth, that he had been there only once previously, and meant no offence nor forced his opinions upon any one; but this apparently occasioned greater acrimony, in the midst of which defendant flung a bag of flour at him, the contents falling upon his clothes, and that was now apparent. Witness went to the police-station, and the crowd followed threatening to murder him. Defendant was among it, and was taken into custody. Mr. Zucker added that he much regretted having been the unintentional cause of an angry feeling among the Jews, and felt uncomfortable at being in a police-court on such a matter. He should like to speak with an apology, or, if the magistrate saw fit, to discharge the defendant without it. The magistrate also assailed him in various ways, but not to injure him. Orlitz, St. H. having corroborated the complainant's testimony to the extent of the accused shouting and throwing at him, the father of the defendant gave a high character of his son, whom he believed to be quite incapable of such an act. Mr. Leigh, expressing his full assurance that the charge was a just one, ordered defendant to pay a fine of 10s. and 8s. costs, or fourteen days, limiting the fine to that sum in consequence of the prosecutor's intercession. The money was instantly paid.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY—James Huddsey, a smart-looking young fellow, was brought before Mr. Barham charged with stealing a valuable watch and chain from the person of James Paul. The prosecutor deposed that on Friday night week he went to a public dinner at the Bridge House Hotel, London-bridge, presided over by Mr. Layard, in honour of the grand master of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows (Mr. Burgess), and between three and four o'clock on Saturday morning he was crossing towards the railway station when he was hustled about by several men and women, and during the struggle his watch was stolen by a man whom he believed to be a prisoner, and they all ran off. He pursued them and saw the prisoner stopped by a constable with the watch in his possession. Witness valued the watch very much, as it was presented to him some time ago by several friends. Mr.Carthy, I. & M., said that between three and four o'clock on Saturday morning, he was on duty in Webb-street, Guy's Hospital, when he saw the prisoner running towards him, and suspecting that he had committed a robbery, he stopped him, and found on him a silver watch and chain. He examined the watch, and found the inscription on the inside case, showing that it was the property of the prosecutor. He took the prisoner into custody, when the prosecutor identified the watch. The prisoner denied stealing the watch. He was going home when he saw it lying on the pavement, and he picked it up just as the constable stopped him. Mr. Barham told him he must be tried for this offence. Would he be tried by him or go to the sessions? If the former, he must plead guilty. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty," begging his worship to deal with him at once. Mr. Barham asked if he was known. Mr. McCarthy informed his worship that he was as a companion of the witness. He was not a man whom he had been convicted of anything. Barham had no doubt as to his accusation, consequently he sentenced him to six months' hard labour in Wandsworth House of Correction.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN—WHAT IS HE TO DO?—A middle-aged man, who gave the name of Thomas Clark, and who had a very destitute appearance, was re-examined on a charge of felony. It appeared that on Friday afternoon, the 15th inst., between four and five o'clock, the prisoner was seen to take a carriage mat from the door of Mr. T. O. Clark, an upholsterer, of High-street, Clapham, and walk away with it. When he was arrested, the magistrate, the prisoner did not deny the charge, and said the mat should not have been hung out as a temptation to poor people. He also said that he was completely destitute, and had not tasted food for two days. Inspector Abrook supplied the poor fellow with food when at the station, and he ate it quite ravenously. The prisoner made a statement that he was a ticket-of-leave man, and that he could not get any work, as no one would employ him. He was compelled to steal to get his food. When he was brought before the magistrate, the prisoner was in a bad condition, and remanded him for a week for inquiries to be made. Mr. Taylor, the clerk, said he had received a communication from the governor of Horsemonger-lane goal, stating that at the West Kent sessions, in 1858, the prisoner was sentenced to six years' penal servitude for felony. Inspector Abrook produced a letter he had received from the convict prison, Woking, which stated that the prisoner was discharged on the 15th of May, 1861, and that his time had expired on the 10th of October. Mr. Dayman said that being the case, he must commit him again. Remanded for the depositions. The prisoner was then removed without making any remark.

A WEDDING DEFERRER.—Daniel Meers, a middle-aged man, was placed in the dock before Mr. Trull, charged with stealing five of copper, a file, and a vice, the property of the Government. Sergeant Chapman, a detective officer of police, stationed at the Government dockyard, said that the prisoner had been twelve years employed as a blacksmith at the Royal victualling-yard, Deptford, but had been discharged by the commodore-superintendent on the day previous, owing to his losing time and being drunk. As the prisoner was leaving the yard, he carried a small vice (produced) in his right hand, which he claimed as his own. Witness examined the article, and found the "broad arrow" or Government mark upon it; and on pointing this out to the prisoner he said he had made a mistake, and had taken the vice instead of one he had brought into the yard when first engaged. Witness then noticed something bulky about the prisoner; and on searching him found the copper bolts produced, all bearing the Government mark. He pointed the copper bolts to the prisoner, he remained silent, and he was then taken into custody. He then took the prisoner into custody; and on searching his lodgings afterwards found a file, which had evidently been converted into a screw-driver, also bearing a Government mark. In answer to Mr. Cockle, who appeared for the prisoner, the witness stated that when taken into custody, the prisoner was slightly under the influence of liquor, but not drunk. Mr. Cockle addressed the magistrate in the prisoner's behalf, urging that he was a country boy, and that he got drunk, and did not know what he was doing at the time. Mr. Trull sentenced the prisoner to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour. The prisoner, who, it was stated, was engaged to be married next day was then removed to undergo the sentence.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"EXCEPT THE LORD KEEP THE CITY."

It was on the 9th, some say the 10th of May, 1857, that the actual mutiny broke out in the north-west provinces of India, and, as our readers already know, at the station of Meerut. Within two days the mutiny had reached Delhi (about fifty miles away), and then it spread like an infection, to Agra, Allahabad, swept down the Ganges, took a strong hold at Cawnpore, swept on to Benares—where the plot had been fructified—and shot away from the river towards Lucknow. Benares, be it said, as the great sacred city of the Hindoos, was the hatching spot of this devil's work, but the moment action was taken, Benares ceased to be the centre of operations, and Delhi, that had been the great Indian seat of powerful royalty, became the fountain head of the rebellion—if, indeed, we may dignify the mutiny with so high a title even as insurrection.

It is the City of Delhi, then, which may be looked upon as representing the fortunes and misfortunes of the outbreak. While it flourished, the rebels longed for success, and believed in it. When it fell—and the history of the fall is one of the most romantic and wonderful chapters in the whole history of England—the mutiny was virtually at an end. It is true that there was much fighting after the city had fallen, but the warfare partook very much of the character of beating out the burning embers of a scattered fire. The army of rebellion had been scooped out of its centre. All that had to be done was to follow the rind, so to speak, of the rebellion, drive it up into corners, and annihilate it, piece by piece, as it was found. This was done, and a new and better era for India set in. It will be my duty to amalgamate with my tale a history of this fierce work, mixed up with it as were the men and women moving and speaking in this tale; but, at the same time, I am desirous of at once pointing out that, frightful and brutal as were many of the scenes enacted in India, the area of India over which they extended,

and which they shamed and blackened, was but a very slight one. We are too much in the habit of crediting, or rather discrediting, the whole of India with that ghastly tragedy. On the contrary, had the whole of India risen against us, nothing could have saved the Indian empire. It would have had to be reconquered. It is well to bear in mind that the extent of area over which the mutiny spread was to the whole of India as Kent is to the whole of England—only a corner of it. Though, by the way, we hereby desire to offer no slight either to Kentish men, or the men of Kent.

Again, two other palliating facts should be taken into consideration, when contemplating the wickedness which characterized the mutiny. The first of these stands, that a few villains are able to do a great deal of wickedness. The actual perpetrators of many of the horrors of the mutiny may have been in numbers a very few men. This supposition, indeed, is supported by the known fact, that at the massacre in Paris, in 1572, only comparatively very few

Let these things, then, brighten the horrid history of that time. A certain low personage is declared not to be so black as he is sometime painted. Neither was many an Indian so inky in 1857 as he has been drawn by rough and unknowing hands. This assertion dared not have been made six years since; but the times have altered, and now, our anger with India past, we can find that there was some good in her.

It were needless now to speculate on the causes of the mutiny whether it was one, or two, or many, or more. It may have been the greased cartridges which brought matters to a climax; or these affairs may have only been the excuse—the peg upon which to hang a faint justification of disaffection; or, the Indians may have really fancied that England was about to enforce them to accept Christianity, though there must have been a total want of evidence of any such attempt, though it must be remembered that previous conquerors of India had forced the conquered to accept a new faith, and the memory of this calamity, passing from generation to generation, may have engendered such a fear in the Indian heart in 1857.

Early in May, the Native Artillery at Meerut refused to receive the cartridges served out to them, and the men who refused were paid up and dismissed on the spot. The 3rd Light Cavalry were the next to refuse. They appear to have been told that they would be paraded on a certain day, and that if they again refused they would be punished. The day came. The men of the first troop one and all refused to receive the cartridges. They were accordingly arrested, and placed in confinement.

A day or two after this, on Sunday, the 10th of May, the rest of the regiment broke out into open mutiny; and before the European part of the force, consisting of her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards, the 60th Rifles, and the Artillery could be assembled, half the station was in flames, and the terrified women and children of our soldiers were murdered with great barbarity. The European officers, as they rushed from their bungalows to call back the men to their allegiance, were shot down, and ere the European force could reach the lines, the mutineers had marched out of the cantonment, taking the road to Delhi. There was at Meerut at the time a European force of not less than 2,200

men of all arms, with a full complement of officers. Only a very feeble attempt was made to arrest the mutineers or to stop their progress to Delhi.

If we take up the books of the mutiny, we find all concurring in the weak anticipation felt in respect to the outbreak.

We see the grand, lazy, luxurious life of British officers and gentlemen at Lucknow before the mutiny appeared; the superior indifference with which the first mutterings of the storm were heard in that city (so early as the 7th of May); the sleepy surprise in



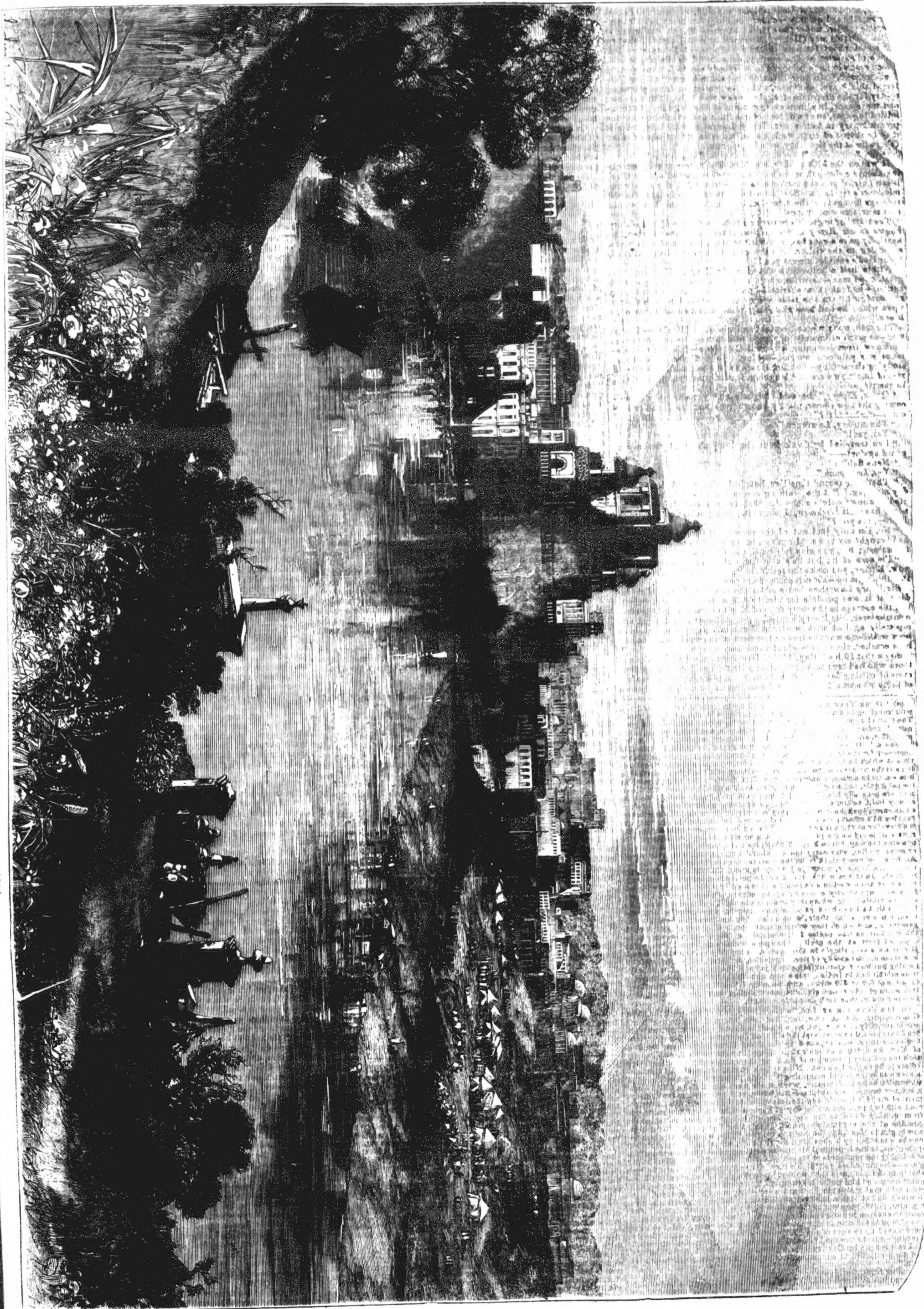
A MESSENGER. (See page 526.)

butchers put to death some thousands of more or less honest and martyred Protestant Frenchmen.

The second palliation, which certainly should never be lost sight of, is this—that in many hundreds of instances no more Christian love and devotion were ever shown than were exhibited, frequently under the most trying circumstances, by Hindoo servants and Hindoo people. There are unanswerable instances, many of which shall be quoted, where Indians put their own lives in danger to save the lives of the fleeing English.



ENTRANCE TO LUCKNOW. (See page 527.)



THE "TOWER OF LONDON"—THE CHURCH MUSEUM. (See page 527.)

which, as the hubbub increased, our countrymen got out of bed, as it were, and looked for their pistols; and then, when fairly aroused, how readily and quickly each lazy one took his place as an unconquerable soldier, under the eyes of the best British gentleman in India. To this man (Henry Lawrence by name) nothing that we have said about laziness or luxury applies—still less even that degree of surprise at the mutiny, or unbelief in its proportions, which seems to have belonged to everybody else in Lucknow at the first outbreak. No fear of exhibiting alarm before "natives" deterred this brave, and wise, and pious gentleman from preparing to-day for the desperate struggle he saw was to begin to-morrow; and we remark, in almost every account of the siege that was committed to paper, such a degree of gratitude and admiration for the precautionary measures Sir Henry Lawrence then took, that it may be suspected they were looked upon as rather absurd than otherwise at the time they were in progress.

It was on the 30th of May, and Mrs. Fisher was angrily smacking about a coffee-pot, when her sharp eyes remarked a "dawk" (a) being hurried past the barracks, in the direction of the chief commissioner's residence. She little thought how important was the message brought by the tired-looking gentleman she saw within that miserable conveyance.

The traveller urged his bearers on to the residence of him history knows as Sir Henry Lawrence; and, the residence reached, he hurriedly gave a card to the servant who appeared, and who began saluting to the visitor. On the card the traveller had scribbled, "For God's sake let me see you!"

Within half a minute he was with Sir Henry. He found that great, good man—to write whose name is almost to do oneself an honour—he found that charitable, glorious gentleman agitated, but not confused. On the table before him were a few papers—one upon which he had been sketching plans, and two or three open books.

The man, upon whose foresight and wisdom—ridiculed as it once was—so much ultimately depended that it may be said he saved Lucknow from becoming a second Cawnpore—this Henry Lawrence was pale and weary-looking. He had been up all night, studying the mutiny—meeting it face to face in thought, while the rest of Lucknow were still laughing, feasting, marrying, and giving in marriage.

"Quick, Elphay," he said, brightly and yet abstractedly welcoming the new comer, plainly showing he had no time for welcome—"what is it?"

"The mutiny, Lawrence."

"Yes, yes!"

"I've travelled by dawk from the Punjab to put you on your guard against—"

"Nena Sahib?"

"Yes, Lawrence."

"That's the second time I've heard him denounced since yesterday morning. But the warning comes too late. He is at large. Had I known only on the 9th that he was doubtful, he would never have left Lucknow, I warrant. But you're not the thing, Elphay, are you?"

"No, I'm only just out of the fever; but I could not rest till I had brought my news. I can't go into particulars now—I'm really too unwell; but, you may rely on it, the Nena's a traitor."

"I'm sure of it; but he's safe for a time, at all events. And now, Elphay, you make the residence your own, till you're tired of it. Don't get up—I'll call some of my people."

Sir Henry Lawrence had spoken the truth—it is doubtful, indeed, if it was possible for him to tell a lie. Had Lota, indeed, had the courage in the early days of May to have named the chief commissioner, Sir Henry himself, against the coming danger, and especially against that wretched Nena, all, perhaps, might have been well. He was the true acting head of the rebellion. Had he been crushed, the disease might never have spread.

So on that 30th of May, Sir H. Lawrence, who had been one of those who had been most handsomely laughed at for his apprehensions of coming danger, sat hard at work planning for the safety of those who would not believe themselves in danger (b) And as we

(a) "DAWK TRAVELLING."—Post travelling in India is very different to post travelling in Europe; it is more fatiguing, and not nearly so rapid. The plan of travelling in this is, instead of hiring a post chaise and a good pair of horses, the traveller procures a palanquin, and then proceeds to the post-office, and there makes arrangements with the postmaster, for "laying his dawk." When the distance exceeds more than one hundred miles it is necessary for the traveller to give four-and-twenty hours' notice before the time at which he intends to set out; so that the postmaster may give directions to the bearers on the road to be in waiting at the relay stations to take him on. The arrangements being complete the traveller seats himself in the palanquin, and away trot the bearers, as shown in our illustration. These men are generally Hindoos, and belong to a respectable caste. They are stoutly built, active, and very strong, and have, under extraordinary circumstances, been known to convey a traveller from eight to ten miles, running at a smart pace the whole distance. In addition to the bearers, the traveller at night is accompanied by muskies, or torchbearers, who run a little before the palanquin with a torch, not only for the purpose of showing the way, but to keep off the tigers and other wild beasts. A couple or more coolies, who carry the travellers' luggage, make up the party. At the end of every eight miles the bearers are changed, as also the coolies; but it often happens, when the journey is short, that the same bearers are retained. In this case, the traveller only proceeds a certain distance, not more than twenty miles a day—a distance a set of eight bearers will perform without difficulty, encouraging each other and keeping step to the tune of some doleful song, which they chant in chorus. There is perhaps no caste in India that toils so hard as these poor bearers, who, united as brothers, never murmur against their lot, to which they are born from generation to generation, and which they would sooner inherit than any other. Among the Hindoos certain castes follow certain callings, which are only to be departed from at the point of complete social recommunication. The Hindoos are very simple in their habits. They take but two meals a day, and these consist chiefly of rice, vegetables, and fruit, and their drink of nothing but water and unfermented juice of the palm. Before railways were established in India it was a common thing for persons to travel a distance of 600 or 800 miles; and so secure was this mode of travelling, that wives of officers and civilians have travelled with young families, with no other escort than their domestic servants.

(b) THE OUTBREAK AT LUCKNOW.—Every day of the week the Chief Commissioner, Sir H. Lawrence, had been informed that the regiments would certainly rise at night, between eight and nine o'clock, and as often the hours passed over without the slightest disturbance. When, therefore, the same story was repeated to the Chief Commissioner on the 30th of May, he did not attach extraordinary importance to it, and merely took the ordinary precaution of doubling the sentries and directing every officer to be on the look out. Nine o'clock struck, and the Chief Commissioner was in the act of remarking that the rumour had proved itself as unfounded as its predecessors, when shots were heard. The Chief Commissioner immediately mounted his horse, and proceeded to the encampment of the 34th Queen's, and then moved up to the corner of the Lucknow-road with two guns and a company of Europeans, to prevent the mutineers from coming down to the city. The remaining six guns remained in position at the encamping-ground, guarded by Europeans. Bangalows now began to blaze, and the firing to become hotter, when General Handscomb was killed by a shot from the 71st line, up to which he had ridden quite close, in the hopes that his presence and speech might have the effect of bringing the mutineers to reason. Lieutenant Grant was killed at his picket—the mutineers ran at his men, some of whom turned and fled—a shot from the mutineers then wounded poor Grant, and the subadar of the guard concealed him under his charpoy. The mutineers then came up, and were told that the sahib had got away—they were not, however, to be deceived, and at least a havildar on guard, belonging to Grant's own regiment, pointed him out to the mutineers, when he was bayoneted. The cannon soon became one blaze of fire. This state of affairs lasted until two o'clock in the morning, when the fires began to abate, and two guns were moved up to each of the Residency gates, which were guarded by a havildar's guard from the 15th, and some sowers. At four a.m. the rebels had reached the 7th Cavalry lines, at Moodekepoore, which they set on fire, and then returned to cantonments, where Sir Henry had prepared to meet them.

Another account said:—
BLOODSHED AT LUCKNOW.—At Lucknow on the 30th May one-half of each of the 48th and 71st Regiments, joined by some few of the other infantry

contemplate him working for those who bore with his "crotchets," as they called them good-naturedly, is not one reminded of the old world tale of the watchful and unwatchful virgins—of those who procreated off, and those who made merry and slept? Of a verity, Sir Henry Lawrence carried heavenwards early in the next August a cruise of oil sufficient for his own anointment.

On the 30th of May he worked so as to save many hundreds of his countrymen by the exercise of his judgment, forethought, and self-sacrificial industry—sacrificial, for he worked too hard.

A few days beyond two months from that date, and he was to lie stark and dead, a victim to the danger he was one of the first to see, and for the forwarding of which he was one of the first to be laughed at.

On the morning of that 30th of May he worked very hard. Now it was on the morning of the 29th of May that Lota, Lady St. Maur, had been threatened with arrest—on the 29th of May that she had been denounced, her name coupled with the Nana's, before the chief commissioner.

On the 30th of May no man in Lucknow had learned any news of Lota, Lady St. Maur.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A BOW.

It is not, perhaps, committing an impropriety to remark that Mrs. Fisher was good at a row. Give her half a chance, and, swelling up like an old turkey hen, she "gobbed" at you by the hour. Right or wrong—and truth compels us to admit that she was rarely not in the wrong—she always beat at words; she had so many of them. And then she could ring the changes so cleverly. And again she said things with such awful vigour. As a rule, the Indian climate generally takes the energy even out of a shrew; but Mrs. F. smacked her fingers at the climate, and "rowed" to that extent, that it was no wonder Fisher, in his confidential moments (not many—for, like most soldiers, he kept his griefs to himself), would remark that he didn't know whether he should one day do for her or himself? Now there was no fear of either catastrophe, for Fisher was a self-controllable man, who loved his children, and took hard things more easily than even rational people could expect.

Sergeant Fisher was rarely excited, which was lucky, all things considered; but upon one occasion he had been moved to much expression of curiosity by the narration of the old usage of the "ducking stool." He called for the particulars over and over again—how there was a ducking stool in every village; how the village sat in judgment upon anybody accused of shrewdom; how, if found guilty, she and the chair were carried to the horse-pond; and how the lady, whose hands were tied, was then and there "ducked."

Mrs. Fisher had assisted at this description, it being evening, duty done for the day; and there she sat, driving a needle into a stocking with that vengeance, that Fisher said, in speaking of the affair next day, "She wouldn't be bad at a bayonette."

Well, the narration done, Fisher looked at Mrs. F., sighed, and said, "Oh, they was indeed the good old times."

"Yah!" said the female Fisher, and she said it so loud that the two little Fishers asleep at her elbow started and shivered in their slumber at the bare sound,—"Yah! it's all lies, and if it wasn't I should like to see 'em put 'em in a ducking cheer."

But to return to the 29th of May.

No sooner had Mrs. Fisher got home than she paid a visit to the neighbours, after bullying Fisher a bit. The poor man had come home, to his dinner, and finding the beef-steak pudding (scopped out by his offspring's black fingers all around), still on the table, he patiently sliced off the paste and frizzled, divided amongst his progeny, and ate, as many of the bite of beef he found inside the basin as did not go through the bars of the gridiron and splattered and burnt to cinders in the fire.

Mrs. Fisher flew at her husband as though he had been out on the tramp instead of looking after the dinner. Perhaps she knew that in all matrimonial rows the beginner generally has the advantage.

"All right, Mrs. F.," said Sergeant Fisher.

Whereupon Mrs. Fisher used her favourite expression, "Yah!" and flounced out of her husband's quarters.

Fisher often thought what a good thing it would have been if he had been thoroughly knocked on the head before he had met with his Juby—her name was Jubelina Electrina Fisher. She had been christened thus, it was asserted, by her father, because at the time her mother was a "little off her head." Sergeant Fisher often remarked he thought his Juby was a little off her head too, and that she had caught it from her mother,—"and taken it well," the sergeant would add, speaking with such a rueful face that it reminded those who saw it of nothing so much as a tooth-ache in every back tooth in his head.

Well, whatever she said on the afternoons of the 29th and the 30th of May to Mrs. Ragberry, who was the woman to whom Corporal Tim traced the outrage, cannot now be ascertained. Within half a day there was something more serious to do than hunting up the origin of scandals. But this is certain, that by the time it got to Tim's ears (they heard it from Mrs. Maloney), the statement stood that "Jessie MacFarlane had committed herself, and was ruined for life, and that Corporal Tim Flat knew enough about it."

"Sure I'm telling you, Tim," said Mrs. Sergeant Maloney, who, with the best intention in the world, was, like many another Irishwoman, for ever setting people by the ears—"telling you, Tim, because I know you're respectable, and the Scotchwoman also; an', if I was you, I'd go to Mrs. Fisher, and pull her sharp nose!"

Now, the fact of the matter is, that Corporal Tim Flat should never have heard a word about the matter. Any reader who knows anything of the lower life of the army will agree with me that if every military woman (whereby I mean a woman forming an adjunct to the army in an honourable way) were as bad as she was declared by her sister amazons to be, there would not be a respectable woman in any one regiment. But it is only a way they have in the army, and they don't mean anything; and, indeed, if Corporal Tim had not been "just lavishing" his large pay (we refrain from saying how much that pay was every twenty-four hours) upon porter, as a kind of wind-up to his two days' thoughts over Jessie, he never would have been so excited as to go to Sergeant

corp, the 13th, and two troops of the 7th cavalry, rebelled. But Sir Henry Lawrence, who applied for, and received unlimited forces, was ready for the explosion. He at once turned out with her Majesty's 38th Foot, a battery of artillery, and that portion of the 7th Cavalry which remained faithful, and attacked the insurgents: the latter were not only defeated, but pursued for thirty miles. Several of their number were killed and a few taken. These latter have since met the fate which they deserved, by being blown from guns—a death more calculated than any other to strike terror into the native mind. In the course of this *enroute*, we have to deplore the loss of about 100 Europeans, including five officers, whose names have not yet, with one exception, been announced. The exception is Brigadier Handscomb. It has since been ascertained that the mutineers, after leaving Lucknow, bent their steps towards Seetapore, hoping to gain over the sepoy stationed there. On their arrival before the place, however, they found the 41st Native Infantry and the 9th Irregular Infantry drawn up to receive them. They at once beat a retreat, and moved, it is supposed, in the direction of Delhi.

Then followed the panic.

The following is an extract from a private letter, dated from Lucknow on June 1. It was evidently written under the influence of panic:—"Our rule in Oude is gone—every bungalow in cantonments, except the Residency, is burnt to the ground. The guns at Muncney Bann are firing right and left. The regiments have all revolted, and escaped with their ammunition. All Oude is under arms, in the districts as well as in the city. The Europeans cannot hold out three days, and a general retreat is expected. The road east and west is now completely blocked up, and there is no escape. The river is high, which is the only outlet we have. The Cawnpore Canal is full of water; dead bodies and mutilated trunks of Europeans are floating down, and no one knows whence. God bless you all, and may we escape to meet again."

Fisher's quarters for an explanation at half-past eight on the evening of the 30th of May.

Go he did, and rap at the shutters he did; and the sergeant, who, having done nothing, had asked his wife to forgive him, and had thanked her civilly enough because she said she would that once—the sergeant, I say, said, "Juby"—he called her Juby when she was civil—"Juby, there's some feller at the shutters."

"Shoot him!" said Juby, in a loud voice, and really looking as though she meant it, albeit she must have known that the proposal was quite out of bounds.

"Who's there?" asked the sergeant.

"Me!" said Corporal Tim.

Mrs. F. recognised the voice; but if she trembled she only looked all the more vicious for that proof of something like a conscience.

"An' who's me?"

"Why, Tim Flat, to be sure!" said the corporal, through the shutters.

"Then why don't you come in?" asked the sergeant, he and Tim Flat being excellent friends when off parade.

Whereupon Tim replied in remarkably quick tones, "Because I ain't a goin' to."

"Well, do you want me to come out to you?"

"Yes, I do," replied Tim, "if ye're a man!"

Now this was threatening.

"Hullo!" said the sergeant.

"Don't go out!" said Mrs. Fisher, jumping up, and flinging the youngest Fisher on to the children's bed. "Job Fisher, stay where you are!"

And thereupon, her loud voice waking up her eldest boy, aged nine and a drummer (he took his resentment against his mother's ill-temper out of the drum in general), she sent young Job, so called in distinction from old Job, the sergeant himself—she sent the young inquirer once more flat on his back in what Fisher, in describing the scene long after, called a "jiffy."

Thereupon the little Obby (short for Obabiah), aged somewhat over seven, only opened his eyes and said, "What's der matter?" when Mrs. Fisher, with some faint idea perhaps of the beauties of equality, tore that youth from his bed, and administered to him a something which sounded like applause, only it wasn't.

Thereat the infantine Nebby (short for Nebuchadnezzar), aged five, set up a roar, and was had out in about what the sergeant, while at that same description, called a "twinkling," and he got a little suggestive applause, too—very quick and sharp.

Then the dear woman took up the baby; shook that little creation; then she burst into tears, and the row there was in that room, with Mrs. F. leading, Job howling, Obby bawling, Nebby sobbing, and the baby going it so fast that he appeared to be trying to overtake everybody, no pen can relate—even a gross of quills would fail to perfect the description.

No wonder Mrs. Maloney came to the door, and said she thought something must be the matter.

No wonder poor Sergeant Fisher, who had grey hairs already in his head, remarked, "What devil's own rumpus is all this yere?"

The fact is, Mrs. Fisher, who was a sharp woman, knew that the corporal had come for vengeance, and a victim in her mind's eye of her Sergeant Fisher "doubled up" had led to these remarkable consequences.

To add to the row and perfect it, the summons at the shutters was once more heard, and the strong and determined voice of Corporal Tim Flat was heard to inquire once more, "Fisher, are yer a man? Are yer comin' out?"

"Don't go, Fisher," said Mrs. F.

But she forgot that when it was a question of questioning his bravery, Fisher could brave even her.

"Get out yerself, ma'am," said he; and then bawling through the shutters, with some quiet viciousness, "I'm a comin' out!" he pushed at the door, nearly sending Mrs. Maloney's respectable head over her irreproachable heels, as much as he unintentionally could, seeing the hurry he was in and the little time in which he was able to accomplish any little politeness of that kind.

"Well, now, corporal, what is it?"

"Job Fisher, I want satisfaction."

"What for, corporal?"

"Which I know your my spearior officer, though being an officer myself, which I cannot endow for her to be backbitten to that extent that werry soon she'll have no back to bite if not stopped accordin, and which I've come to stop it. You may be my spearior officer, but a man's a man for all that, and I ain't a goin' to stand it."

"Stand what?" asked the sergeant, who, accustomed to rowing, could take a good deal without breaking out in return.

"Which your missus have been and said she were no better nor she should be, as werry well knowed, she said—and which to be party to such a thing I won't be—and as I can't take it out of her, why come on, and I'll take it out of you—if you're a man. Come on!"

Here the excited corporal pitched his coat, which he had pulled off, smack in the face of his "spearior officer," and squared as much like a gentleman as the P. R. as he could.

Meanwhile the orchestra within Sergeant Fisher's quarters was still at its overture. Mrs. F., as leader, was yelping; the baby had caught its breath somewhere, and was whooping; young Job was doing his best to burst his young heart with loud sobs; and Obby and Nebby, contemplating their wrongs from the same point of view, were wailing like a couple of exhausted Choctaw Indians.

"Corporal Tim Flat, if yer don't respect the peace of her Majesty the Queen, I shall call a picket and have you took off to the lock-up."

"Dumny, come on!" was all the answer the corporal thought fit to make.

"There, go home, Tim!" said the sergeant, approaching him.

And then there was a "smack," which caused even patient Sergeant Fisher to break the Queen's English; and then Mrs. F., who must have been very near the window, responded with a shriek, and this being the signal for the orchestra to break out very fresh indeed, the air was quite filled with sound.

"Come on!" said the corporal, dancing about as though he was on hot iron, and trying for a cool place.

"Take that!" said the sergeant, flinging his coat at the corporal; and then these two good fellows, who, as a rule, were capital friends, went at it.

And now Mrs. Fisher came upon the scene, plunging, like a wind, past Mrs. Maloney in the dark.

"Sure it's your fault!" said Maloney. "What did ye say the young woman had committed herself for?"

"I didn't!" said Jubelina. "I said as I'd commit myself—"

"Sure ye would!" said the Maloney.

"—to the remark," screamed Jubelina Electrina, "that Jessie MacFarlane was just a little forward—that is not quite backwards enough. Though, as for to go for to say the young woman was no better than many others, never. Fisher! don't!"

But Fisher did and the corporal and the sergeant, in a quiet, non-souffling style, had given each other half a dozen give and take blows, when another personage appeared upon the scene, in the shape of Jessie MacFarlane.

Some kind friend had obliged Jessie with the floating opinion concerning herself, which had been spreading since the previous day, and she had quietly put on a plaidie, with the determination of having it out with Mrs. Fisher, and plainly telling her that if she didn't apologize by letter, she "wad jae git a note fra' Lawyer M'Alister."

There can be no manner of doubt that Sergeant Fisher's life was hard to bear. And when you come to think of it, his existence was

no joke. He was answerable for all the civil (and uncivil) acts and speeches of his wife—in common with all husbands. Was not that a great comfort?

"Sure here's herself!" said Mrs. Maloney.

"Hey, men, as ye fighting?"

"Good evening!" said the corporal, breaking off the fight to say it; "I'm a teachin' Mrs. Fisher to keep 'er tongue from evil speakin', lyin', and slandrin'."

"Hey, she canna help it, puir body; but I mean jest tell ye, sergeant, gin your gude-wife wilna apologise for takin' mair fra my character than she can add to her sin—"

Here, even at this point, Mrs. Fisher could not refrain, but burst out, for all the world like a talking parrot.

"You lie, you minx!—you lie, you minx!"

"I'll jest," continued Jessie, "mak' Mr. Fisher defendant in an action of law for slander; and I'll jest be waiting thrae does, and so mair; and Corporal Tin Flat, gin ye're a prudent young man ye'd best come awa' fra' sitch dootful company as verra weel sure I am. Barty Sanderson would na degrade himself by speerin' at!"

And now, without the faintest warning of what was coming, all these people had occasion to start, turn more or less pale, and listen.

It was a beautiful night, and the calm, placid moon was shining—that moon so high up above the strife of man, that, looked up to in the midst of anger or the heat of war, the planet, in her calmness and strength of beauty, appears almost an actual goddess.

Yes, the splendid moon lit up the red work of destruction. As Jessie was speaking, the bells of the English clocks struck tattoo-time—nine p.m.

And barely had the last sound faded on the bright, sweet night-air, than the rattle of musketry was heard, and with it was intermingled screams of fear, surprise, and death.

The massacre of Lucknow had commenced (a).

And while the players in that poor little quarrel of humble common soldier life stood mute and listening, a horseman clattered past.

It was Sir H. Lawrence—already on the road of duty.

CHAPTER XXX. DESOLATION.

WHITHER had she gone?

On the eve of the massacre—on that threatening 29th of May—Phil Effingham and George Graham having left Olive's house, they turned their steps to the Residency—to that stronghold in which Sir Henry Lawrence, of Lucknow, had made such great preparations for the coming storm. There the foreseeing baronet had stored corn, and meat, and medicines, all in anticipation of that awful 30th of May, though to him the day of death was of unknown date. The good knight had been laughed at for his pains, and he had not grown angry. Only he knew how wide-spread and how universal was the doubt he experienced in those days of lull before the storm. But we may judge of that contempt by the extreme gratitude felt by those whom he succoured in their many hours of need. For many weeks after he lay at rest, his foresight gave the garrison the means of maintaining that life which he himself had yielded in the prosecution of his duty.

The doctor and chaplain at once obtained an interview with Sir Henry, and in a few concise military words they told their errand. Lawrence, it is said, no doubt truly, read his answer rather in their faces than by any appeal to his own reason. The tale they told read like a romance—like a romance it is read here. But the earnestness of the men, their candour, the simplicity of their bearing, spoke volumes for them.

"You can have a picket—but let there be no unnecessary violence."

That picket, whose duty it was to arrest Lota St. Maur, actually passed Olive as it tramped along towards his own bungalow. It attracted no notice from him; he did not ask himself what was its work. To a military man a picket is—a picket, just as a policeman passing is—a policeman, and nothing more.

The house reached, Effingham (unaccompanied by Graham, who, with his testimony to the chief commissioner, withdrew for a time from the pain of prosecuting this duty)—Effingham, we say, gave the order to halt, and entered the house.

The moment he learned, after waiting a few minutes, and from several trembling servants, that their mistress was not in her room, the thought flashed across his mind that she had escaped, and he cursed the folly of weakness which had led him to let her slip through his hands. In a few moments the honest fellow felt himself a positive criminal.

But he knew what he had to do.

The men composing the picket, less three, were posted about the house. He and the three latter entered the house, and commenced the search, Phil ordering that every soul in the place should be brought before him.

It may at once be set out that Lota had escaped.

All search was vain. She had escaped. Whether she was free or not stood a different question.

What did the servants think? It is impossible to say.

When the master of the house came home they looked at him, but not one said a word of the missing lady, for the only one who would have committed herself to a statement of the facts of the case, Jessie, had been permitted away from the house all the day; for since she had lost her young charge, Jessie's occupation had been almost gone, and she being of an industrious turn, had gladly fallen in with the arrangement for helping Mrs. Glendower's people. Mrs. G. had enough to do with her family.

When Olive came into his house, two hours after he had passed the picket, no Indian servant was interested in the family enough to tell the master what had happened. The Indian servants have little sympathy with us English—about as much as we, taking the rule generally, have for them.

He went to his wife's rooms. They were all deserted.

Then he asked for her.

The servants did not know—the men-sahib had gone out.

(a) THE GATE OF LUCKNOW.—We give a sketch of the gate as it appeared in ordinary peaceful times.

Did they know when my lady would be back?

No, they did not know that.

Shall I tell you what, in all probability, these Indian servants thought? Why, that she had eloped with some officer. Such things did occur in India in the old company's times. Happily a better state of things exists at present.

He waited a little while, taking up a book and flinging it down angrily; attempted to smoke, and bit the unoffending cigar through and through almost before it was lighted. She was not in the habit of going out much, he thought, rarely without him, and did she by any chance, it was her custom to leave a note.

Three mortal hours he waited, and it was twilight when he leapt up and strode from the house. He had been on parade that day, and as he tramped over the room, his sword clanked in its sheath.

He left the house, and as the evening air, still hot with the summer sun, fell on him, heated as it was, gratefully he felt it blowing on his face.

He tramped on towards the mess-house, nor had he gone far before he met Phil Effingham.

"Phil, have you seen my wife late in the day?"

"No, Olive—what's the matter?"

"No one has seen her for hours at the house. Did she say she was going out when you saw her late in the morning?"

"No, I'll be hanged if she did!" said Phil, quickly, and with a double meaning which was necessarily quite lost upon the husband.

"I feel desolate by myself, Phil—just keep with a fellow, will you?"

"Well, that was just what I was going to propose. I'll help you to ferret her out. She's visiting somewhere, I suppose; somebody ill, perhaps, and she's gone to pull 'em through."

For, you see, this Phil of ours lived an uncommonly practical life. He did not like lies, and rarely indulged in the mean sin; but if he saw a way of saving pain by going round the truth, he did not hesitate to avail himself of that road. In this instance of Olive the search after Lota had failed—therefore, as the aim of that search was unsuccessful, what was the use of Olive knowing anything about it, unless the knowledge were absolutely necessary to him? No one beyond himself, the chief commissioner, and the chaplain, was aware of the object of the search through Sir Olive's house; therefore he felt the cause might as well remain in the dark. He had told those who had helped him in the search, that if they came across the lady of the house, not to enter her apartment, but to let him know where she was to be found.

Olive was taken to the mess dinner, and there they were all particularly shrewd in ridiculing Sir H. Lawrence's "siege services" as they called them. Olive ate and drank, for he had accepted Phil's supposition that his wife had gone out upon some case of emergency. And yet the knowledge haunted him like the memory of a bad dream that she had never quitted the house without leaving a note for him behind her.

It was about eleven when Olive and Phil reached Olive's place. Phil was whistling—a sure sign that he felt danger or something unusual was at hand.

No words of Lady St. Maur, though he asked several servants. "By Jove, I must go from house to house to find her!" Olive said.

Phil thought for a moment. He felt this would not do, for that by such a means the news of Olive's apparent dishonour would spread.

"Don't disturb yourself unnecessarily, but she's not at the house of any of ours. I've sent."

"My God! why did you send?"

He looked at the old friend—the friend he had known long before he was aware of her existence, and he saw the coming catastrophe upon his face.

"What's the matter—you know—don't you?"

"Yes."

"Speak out."

"I'm half afraid. But you must know at last, and it is best, perhaps, to know at once. Your wife was always an Indian at heart, and she has gone back to the Indians."

So, you see, Phil Effingham hid her treason from her husband, and laid her flight to the love of her birth, and not to fear of the English.

Olive St. Maur looked up stupidly, for great trouble makes us stupid.

Perhaps, obscurely in his brain were framed the words—"I'll not believe it."

But they were never uttered.

Then his pride came to his aid—his friend was marking his emotion.

He stood up something like a drunken man, and said, "I am not well, Phil! I think I'll go to my own room. Good night. Come round in the morning, will you?"

"I'm not going, St. Maur. Go to your room; but,"—here he spoke reluctantly—"but don't make a fool of yourself, man!"

"No—no! not I!" he replied, in a tone almost of resentment. Then he left the room.

Phil counted the steps—six—so he had not gone further than the next chamber.

What passed within that room?

It is impossible accurately to state. All that can be done is simply to narrate what Olive himself narrated a short time after those events took place.

We said that he felt a kind of hopeless desolation. It was not only that he was alone, but that the very walls themselves seemed to "hold off" from him—that even his own limbs, even his life appeared to be distant.

There was no pain, only a kind of stupid desire to be annihilated, because life was useless.

He had no doubt of Phil's news. A moment's reasoning recalled the guilt of thought which had ever separated him from his wife. He had no doubt—he felt certain she had fled back to the Indians. He did not hate her, he said, nor pity her; she was but one of certain causes, the effect of the whole of which was to create a kind of annihilation of all the passions.

When it was the idea first came upon him to destroy himself, he

has always said he could not tell; probably it existed almost simultaneously with the knowledge of the worst.

He has said that his eyes kept drifting, in spite of his will, to a corner of the room; and that whenever his eye rested upon that spot, the thought came upon him how easy it would be to fix the hilt of his sword in this corner and fling himself upon the point. He has declared that he is quite sure that his left hand played with the hilt of his sword for hours.

All tendency to suicide expired, however, long before the night had died.

It was when Phil knocked at the door, and said, "Olive, Olive, don't forget the boy; don't forget little Arty," that all idea of self-destruction vanished. But these good words which recalled him from death did not affect him.

He still remained stupidly thinking, as though his mind were in chains.

And so it lasted into the daylight, into the day, past it, and till night again. Phil had passed a great part of the day with him. The doctor himself has said that he spoke, acted, and looked like a man asleep.

The sound which awoke him from that sleep was the musketry reports, which, as the bells sounded nine, and as tattoo time began, struck upon the evening air, and momentarily blanched the white faces of the Englishmen—for, brave as we may be, when death enters and finds us little fearing him, he is most terrible.

That night, that awful night passed slowly over the almost panic-stricken English, who flocked to the Residency as to an earthly paradise. The gratitude to Sir Henry Lawrence was already broad.

When the next morn came, the brilliant, splendid city of Lucknow, which at sundown was in the possession of the English, had cast down the English standard, and the English were crowded together in a house and garden, every man at work building defences.

The city gate (b) was in the power of the rebels.

The city was in the power of the rebels. Finally, the capitol of the city, the Chuttur Munzil (c), the point whence the city could be defied, and which could hold out defiantly against an enemy, was also in the hands of the rebels.

In the streets lay, here and there, the dead English, many of whom but ten hours before had laughed Sir Henry and his precautions to scorn. The rebels had chosen their time well: it was when the sahibs were gay over their dinner-tables—when not one was at his post—many were shot down in their dining-dress, and lay—sad sermons upon pomp—in the public streets.

But let it not be forgotten that in this bloody warfare there were many Indians who felt within them that crowning quality of mercy which is another name for Christianity.

(b) THE CHUTTUR MUNZIL.—We give a sketch of this splendid palace-capital.

(c) THE INDIAN MASSACRE.—It is interesting to compare the differences in the evidence affecting the Indian character which may be found in the annals of the mutiny. For instance, the following shows an amount of a nobility of feeling in mutineers which we do not recall to have been present in the annals of historic mutiny:—

"The singular conduct of the 22nd Regiment, which revolted at Puzabad was extraordinary. They guarded their officers and their bungalows after mutinying; placed sentries over magazines and all public property; sent out pickets to prevent the townspeople and servants from looting; held a council of war, in which the cavalry (Fisher's Irregular) proposed to kill the officers, but the 22nd objected, and informed the officers that they would be allowed to leave, and might take with them their private arms and property, but no public property, as that all belonged to the King of Oude. Their officers asked for boats: the rebel commissary-general, a realiser, was ordered to provide them. He did so, but merely small dingies, so that they could only bring away a bundle each; and then they were presented with 900 rupees, which the rebels had taken from the treasure-chest to give them. When the officers tried to recall them to their duty, they respectfully assured them that they were now under the orders of their native officers, and that the subahdar major of the 22nd Regiment had been appointed one of its officers to be their chief."

Compare this with the foolish absurdity of the following utterly untrue report, which, however, was believed in at the time of its appearance:—

"It appears from the journal of a European traveller, says the *Poona Observer*, that a new mode of execution had been adopted by the King of Delhi. A box, each side of which is fifteen feet square, is constructed of timber about eighteen inches thick, dovetailed together, and braced with iron rods. The outside of the bottom of the box is covered by a board of iron, about an inch in thickness. The interior is lined by perfect cubes of granite, weighing in the aggregate several thousand tons. A machine is erected after the manner of an ordinary pile-driver, but of course on an enormous scale, and of tremendous strength. The mass is raised by powerful machinery, cast in Birmingham for the purpose, though it is to be presumed that the machinist by whom the work was furnished had no idea of the horrid purpose for which it was intended. The human victim is placed upon a block of granite, of a corresponding surface, buried in the earth immediately beneath the enormous mass, and covered with a plate of iron. At a signal given by the 'vicramadeek', the executioner touches a spring, the mass falls, and the victim, crushed at once, is suddenly annihilated, and spread out like a sheet of pasteboard. The huge weight being again raised, the flattened body is withdrawn and dried in the sun. When completely prepared, it is hung over the wall of a public building, there to serve as a warning to the multitude."

"LIGHT IN DARKNESS.—When the wretched 6th Regiment mutinied at Allahabad and murdered their officers, an ensign, only sixteen years of age, who was left for dead among the rest, escaped in the darkness to a neighbouring ravine. Here he found a stream, the waters of which sustained his life for four days and nights. Although desperately wounded, he contrived to raise himself into a tree during the night for protection from wild beasts. Poor boy! he had a high commission to fulfil before death released him from his sufferings. On the fifth day he was discovered, and dragged by the sepoy before one of their leaders to have the little life in him extinguished. There he found another prisoner, a Christian catechist, formerly a Mahometan, whom the sepoys were endeavouring to torment and terrify into a recantation. The firmness of the native, giving way as he knelt amid his persecutors, with no human sympathy to support him, the boy-officer, after anxiously watching him for a short time, cried out, 'Oh, good friend, come what may, do not deny the Lord Jesus! Just at this moment the alarm of a sudden attack by the gallant Colonel Neill with his Madras Fusiliers caused the instant flight of the murderous fanatics. The catechist's life was saved. He turned to bless the boy whose faith had strengthened his faltering spirit; but the young martyr had passed beyond all reach of human cruelty. He had died as the rebels fled."

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